

**ANTHOLOGY
OF MAGAZINE VERSE**

FOR 1918

BY

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

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ANTHOLOGY
OF
MAGAZINE VERSE
FOR 1918

BOOKS BY MR. BRAITHWAITE

VERSE

The Five Wisdoms of Grainne, A Book
of Poems. (In preparation.)

The House of Falling Leaves

Lyrics of Life and Love

PROSE

Going Over Tindel, A Novel. (In preparation.)

The Poetic Year for 1916, A Critical
Anthology

ANTHOLOGIES

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1913
and Yearbook of American Poetry

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1914
and Yearbook of American Poetry

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1915
and Yearbook of American Poetry

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1916
and Yearbook of American Poetry

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1917
and Yearbook of American Poetry

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1918
and Yearbook of American Poetry

The Golden Treasury of Magazine Verse

The Book of Elizabethan Verse

The Book of Restoration Verse
(Brentano's)

The Book of Georgian Verse
(Brentano's)

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ANTHOLOGY
OF
MAGAZINE VERSE
FOR 1918

AND YEAR BOOK OF
AMERICAN POETRY
EDITED BY
WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE



BOSTON
SMALL, MAYNARD & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

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INTRODUCTION

"To object to the conventionality of art is to believe in absolute realism, which, if possible, would be a science and not an art."—R. A. M. STEVENSON.

Three articles on poetry have been printed during the past year which have interested me because of the divergent points of view expressed. Of the three one only is safely and securely between the shoals of R. A. M. Stevenson's statement, which I quote at the head of this introduction, and common sense. This is Mr. Brian Hooker's "The Practical Use of Poetry," which appeared in the December (1917) issue of *The Century Magazine*. The other two articles are, "What is Poetry?" by Maxwell Bodenheim, in *The New Republic* for December 22, 1917, and "The Mechanism of Poetic Inspiration," by Conrad Aiken, in the *North American Review* for December, 1917.

The article by Mr. Aiken, based upon the investigations of Nicolas Kostyleff's book "*Le Mécanisme Cérébrale de la Pensée*," is an attempt to denude poetic inspiration of its mystery and to rationalize its origin according to certain psychological formulas in which the elements of thought and emotion can be reasoned with exactness. Mr. Aiken, as theorist, will allow

nothing for the influence of taste, feeling, mental or emotional predilection, on judgment; judgment must be absolute, in spite of the fact that it has always been determined, starting from *a priori* standards, through these very same personal qualities of taste, feeling and temperamental predilections. Mr. Aiken desires that judgment should be scientific. A poem should be analysed with exactness; the process should be cold and calculating. The laws of æsthetics, without cognizance of which no true poem can exist, may be approached in this spirit, but these laws are invariably plastic and changeable, and they constitute but a lateral and subsidiary significance in the imaginative and abstract branches of art, such as poetry and fiction. Mr. Aiken imagines poetry to be something as real and concrete as a bar of iron ore which may be analysed by pure science. As a matter of fact the reality of poetry lies wholly in the abstract, and to reach that reality, comprehend and interpret it, is completely a matter of sentiment and not science. And sentiment is passion and emotion projecting the mind into regions of the invisible and insubstantial where neither science nor matter can reach.

I am not concerned here with the cause or need of expression which Mr. Aiken emphasizes with a Freudian cue, in his article. One can safely let such a statement as this take care of itself: "It is to some deep hunger, whether erotic or not, or to some analogous compulsion, that we must look for the source of power that

sets in motion the delicate mechanism, on another plane, which M. Kostyleff has begun to illuminate for us. It is clear that this is not merely a sexual hunger, nor an æsthetic hunger, nor an ethical hunger, though all may have their place in it. . . . Is it merely in general the hunger of the frustrate (which we all are) for richer experience?" But doesn't this admission, by the way, nullify all the claims of Mr. Aiken's pretense to a scientific explanation of an art which reflects, if any art does, the variable and inscrutable consciousness of human life?

What does concern us is the hypotheses Mr. Aiken presents in the course of his article about the origin and development of poetic inspiration, and in consequence the definition and substance of the art of poetry. Could Mr. Aiken prove his theory, or have it justified by the history and tradition of the art, both critical and creative, he would convince us that the art is wholly and absolutely a mechanical performance. Poe attempted this more than half a century ago, and failed; and Mr. Aiken with nothing like Poe's genius for intellectual subtlety or logic is not apt to be anywhere near as plausible.

In this fashion Mr. Aiken attacks the belief—he holds it rather as a critical and æsthetic dogma, made infallible by sentimentality—of the inexplicable and abstract quality of the poetic impulse: "There is a widespread notion in the public mind that poetic inspiration has something mysterious and translunar about it, —something which altogether escapes human

analysis, which it would be almost sacrilege to touch. The Romans spoke of the poet's divine afflatus, the Elizabethans of his fine frenzy. And even in our own day critics, and poets themselves, are not lacking who take the affair quite as seriously. Our critics and poets are themselves largely responsible for this,—they are a sentimental lot, even when most discerning, and cannot help indulging, on the one hand, in a reverential attitude towards the art, and, on the other, in a reverential attitude towards themselves. Little of the scientific spirit which has begun to light the literary criticism of France, for example, has manifested itself in America. Our criticism is still a rather primitive parade of likes and dislikes: there is little inquiry into psychological causes. . . . Meanwhile, if the literary folk have been droning, the scientists have been busy." In support of this accusation, what we get in Mr. Aiken's article are statements, in upholding his scientific theory of the creation and criticism of poetry, such as these: that, "after all, the writing of poetry is, like speech itself, a purely cerebral affair: and that it is not the result of a discharge of an excess of emotion in the poet so much as a cerebral reaction to external stimuli."

"If poetry," asserts Mr. Aiken, "were only an emotional discharge, it would be very much less complex than it is. In reality the emotional shock finds in the poet preformed cerebral mechanisms: mechanisms preformed by study, by meditation, by life. These are chains of reflexes which are not themselves kept in

the brain, but the paths of which are traced there and easily reproduced. In a poet these reproductions are particularly easy, and the chains very numerous. The cerebral reflexes, becoming linked at the will of unforeseen connections, draw him along beyond the emotional stimulus. . . . Indeed, what matters the extent of the emotional power, since the principle does not lie there, but in the chains of cerebral reflexes, and since the latter can be set off by a stimulus wholly cerebral? . . . This obliges us to admit at last that poetic inspiration has two sources: the sensibility of the poet, and the preformed mechanisms of verbal reactions."

This is of course very vague, is in fact nothing but pure speculation, and indicates what the application of scientific analysis—especially by an unscientific mind—may do to so unoffending, unresisting and volatile a consciousness as the poetic impulse functioning into expression. The basis of this scientific method is "objective psychology." But the theorist quite fails to appreciate the inexplicable and dominant influence of the subjective identity in the poet, which source of control over the reactions of the external world is both too vague and atavistic to be determined by the mental apparatus of an "objective psychology." Only by the temperature of the emotion can the mind approximate and register a reality so indefinitely constituted of immaterial elements as the poetic inspiration, and the condensation of those elements into rhythmical and imaged expressions.

Science fails before the assumption of solving such a riddle, which in the very nature of historic human experience is too intricate and contradictory for truth to piece together in a pattern of facts; and the futility of applying scientific formulas to the judgment of art, is demonstrated by Mr. Aiken's article denying in substance what logic asserts. We fall then, in art, back into the secure arms of Mystery, just as in matters of religion the orthodox after an adventure in the tangling web of defiant questioning, receiving no witness in deed or voice, falls back into the secure arms of faith. Upon this point, between the scientific (rational) and mystical (sentimental) spirit, Mr. Chesterton has recorded an opinion which may illustrate the divergence of Mr. Aiken's theory from the practical standards of literary criticism. He remarks that "It is not a question between mysticism and rationality. It is a question between mysticism and madness. For mysticism, and mysticism alone, has kept men sane from the beginning of the world. All the straight roads of logic lead to some Bedlam, to Anarchism or to passive obedience, to treating the universe as a clockwork of matter or else as a delusion of mind. It is only the Mystic, the man who accepts the contradictions, who can laugh and walk easily through the world."

It is only a step in the wrong direction from Mr. Aiken's conception to Mr. Bodenheim's definition of poetry. Mr. Bodenheim is at least not confused in his ideas, but his ideals are sinister. He seems to reflect some of James Elroy

Flecker's meanings of the function of poetry, and though Flecker cut away all the Puritan restrictions and impositions on the art, it remained for this lamented young English poet, its own excuse for being as an æsthetic force in a world of co-operative influences. What Mr. Bodenheim desires poetry *should* be, is a sort of gorgeous and iridescent bubble. Only "modern poetry," he suggests,—and by modern poetry he means, radical poetry, which is not a criticism of life but a reproduction of life, not reality, but realism, not evolution in form towards an ideal but revolution against the standards that impede the way of one's achievement—can create this whimsy of imaginative expression. Mr. Bodenheim believes that "what poetry really is, is still as hazy to poets and laymen as it always has been." But then he proceeds with a considerable amount of assurance to say what it is. "Pure poetry," he writes, "is the vibrant expression of everything clearly delicate and unattached with surface sentiment in the emotions of men towards themselves and nature. That pursuit of poetry," he adds, "which has as its basis the wrongs of the poor, or the utterance of the broader emotional surges of humanity, may have an undying place in literature, but it cannot be the basis of a separate art. The distinct social message or sermon, no matter how right or much needed it may be, is only of a utilitarian or corrective value, although it may rise to tremendous heights of clear prose strength. True poetry is the entering of delicately imaginative plateaus,

unconnected with human beliefs or fundamental human feelings."

As a concept this is entirely fallacious. If one were to ask Mr. Bodenheim why he wrote his own poems, would he answer for no reason at all except to imprison a meaningless image in a timeless cadence? Not at all. He makes a poem because he hopes to convey to his readers, through imagery and cadence, the state of his own feeling and the clarity of his vision in subjectively meditating on the external world, or to give voice to an experience in which he thinks there is an element of singular and original emotional crisis. In wishing to convey this substance of mood and experience he is but laying bare those "reactions of the soul," common in one degree or another to all men; and his poetry, no matter how decorative he makes it, no matter how far or high his spirit may wander on "delicately imaginative plateaus," cannot remain "unconnected with human beliefs or fundamental human feelings." This is, of course, if what is written *is* poetry!

Poetry is, as I have said before, a perfectly human thing. It is not, as Mr. Aiken thinks, anatomy to be dissected in the laboratory; it is not, as Mr. Bodenheim thinks, a design to be scrawled on mist, vanishing in the sunlight of experience. How can we arrive at a clear understanding, then, of the significance of this art? It is not, I think, by asking or trying to decide with absolutism, what poetry is,—but what does it mean? And we arrive, in my opinion, to this clear understanding of what

poetry means, nearer, than either through Mr. Aiken or Mr. Bodenheim, in Mr. Hooker's answer in his article on "The Practical Use of Poetry."

Let us consider Mr. Hooker's views. He gives, too, a general definition of poetry, but is not dogmatic about it. "We should all say off-hand," he writes, "that poetry is the language of imagination and emotion, traditionally, at least, set forth in measured form; but it is needful to observe a little more precisely what this means. We can hear without emotion of a child slain in war so long as we merely understand the fact without imagining; but the moment we imagine such a thing, we begin to feel." This may well be supplemented by the statement that "Poetry deals, as it were with the *feel* of actual life, and so employs language not so much to make us understand or even imagine as to make us realize." Again he asserts, "We see things happening to others; we feel things happening to ourselves. Poetry, by virtue of its emotional point of view, is therefore peculiarly truthful about human truth; and we are all of us living poetry so long as we are vividly alive."

You note how Mr. Hooker comes back to this quality of *feeling* in his article, like a *motif*. It is because poetry is primarily and essentially a matter of feeling. Again Mr. Hooker drives this fact home. "There is no need," he says, "more than to remind any observer of human nature that mankind acts rather upon passion than upon conviction. Brutus demonstrated

his point in prose; it was a poetic appeal that made the stones of Rome to rise and mutiny. We define and determine and decide, and still do nothing; but when we begin to feel, something is done. Though we steer by learning and intelligence, yet emotion must fill the sail. Or, in another figure, action is the bullet and passion the powder; and he who thinks to achieve any practical affair by sheer intellect shoots with an empty gun. There is no blinder folly than the present fashion of using the word sentimental as a term of reproach, and decrying the impulse or incentive of sentiment. The one efficient motive is emotion; the only good reason for doing is a sentimental reason. Dickens the sentimentalist led his reforms, and Rousseau the sentimentalist aroused his revolution; and we are still awaiting actual results from Marcus Aurelius and Mr. Bernard Shaw."

This is clear common sense; it is the simple truth, neither denuded by the apparatus of science nor elaborated by the superfluities of a delusive fancy. Poetry begins and ends in feeling, moves from the heart of the creator to the heart of the reader in a vehicle of dream whose motive power is a mystical intelligence. This is amply proved by the practical use of poetry as summed up by Mr. Hooker: "Poetry, being what it is, the record of how it feels to be alive, constitutes our whole inheritance of mutual understanding, our library of human nature, our tradition of all that personal experience in this world which we now hold in common, and whereby we know our neighbor and

ourselves. That old comparison of laws and songs is not so antithetical, after all. For just as the law keeps for our civilization a code or body of social conduct, in every age deeply studied by a few, by a few more increased or altered, and held from age to age as a common wisdom by which we half unconsciously direct and civilize our lives, so poetry hands down to each new generation an older and more general code of emotional experience, a history of the heart of man not only for the few who read at first hand, but so transfusing and impregnating our whole memory and sense of being that language itself passes current upon the hidden gold of our poetic treasury, and we compare our motives and our passions by reference to forgotten dreams. If poetry could be in an instant swept not merely out of print, but out of language and tradition, there would be Babel indeed. We should go about isolated each one from each by a chaos of misunderstanding, with no more communication than we could improvise out of intellectual terms. We could suggest nothing, connote nothing, say nothing but what we could define."

The year in poetry I shall not discuss in this issue. Though the overshadowing reality of the war has not quenched the ardor and spirit of the art, poets have a vaster dream to contemplate than that which springs from the personal impulse. And if they are keeping much in secret, it is for the greater certainty in building a mystical foundation for the future.

Two facts, however, of the year in poetry must here be recorded. The first is the well-deserved award to Sara Teasdale of the Columbia University prize of five hundred dollars, for having produced during the year, the best volume of poems in "Love Songs." The second is the lamented death of Sergeant Joyce Kilmer, who was killed in action in the second Battle of the Marne on July 30.

The selections in the Anthology this year have been confined mostly to short poems, the longest being between sixty and seventy lines. This has necessarily compelled me to omit some fine poems of greater length, which in another year would have been readily included. My purpose, as an innovation, was to make the 1918 anthology as lyrical as possible to exemplify the quality of this achievement in current American verse.

W. S. B.

On the Feast of SS. Cornelius and Cyprian.
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To the American poets and to the editors and the proprietors of the magazines from which I have selected the poems included in the *Anthology*, I wish to express my obligation for the courteous permissions to make use of material in the preparation of this volume.

I wish also to thank The Boston Transcript Company for permission to use material which appeared in my annual review of American poetry in the columns of *The Evening Transcript*.

To the following publishers I am indebted for the privilege of using the poems named from the volumes in which they have been included, and which have been published before the appearance of this *Anthology*:

The Macmillan Company: "Recessional, in Time of War: Medical Unit—" in *Toward the Gulf*, by Edgar Lee Masters: "How I Walked Alone in the Jungle of Heaven," "How Samson Bore Away the Gates of Gaza," in *The Chinese Nightingale, and Other Poems*, by Vachel Lindsay.

Henry Holt & Company: "Warning," and "Swan-Child," in the *Old Road to Paradise*, by Margaret Widdemer; "The Deaf-Mute Sermon," "Maureen Oge," "The Booted Hens" and "By Clodagh's Stream," in *My Ireland, Rhymes and Simple Songs*, by Francis Carlin.

George H. Doran Company: "On the Way to the Cross," "The Meeting" and "Father O'Shea," in *The Silver Trumpet*, by Amelia Josephine Burr; "Lavender" in *City Tides*, by Archie Austin Coates.

Dodd, Mead & Company: "The Name," by Anna Hempstead Branch; "A Pilgrimage," by Nancy Barr Mavity; "The Flock at Evening" and "An Old Inn by the Sea," by Odell Shepard, in *The Masque of Poets*, edited by Edward J. O'Brien.

E. P. Dutton & Company: "Against My Second Coming," "Hrolf's Thrall — His Song" and "I Have Had Great Pity," in *Latens of Gethsemane*, by Willard Wattles.

The Midland Press: "Moon-Worship," "The Banded," "The Games," "Road and Path" and "Have You an Eye?" in *Barbed Wire, and Other Poems*, by Edwin Ford Piper.

The Cornhill Company: "Celestial Signs," in *The Lover's Rosary*, by Brookes More; "'Is Missus," in *Rhymes Grave and Gay*, by Carolyn and Gordon M. Hillman.

The Four Seas Company: "The Beach," "The Unquiet" and "The Ascent," in *A Cabinet of Jade*, by David O'Neil.

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AFTER READING AN ANTHOLOGY OF FUGITIVE VERSE

*These have survived the seas' vicissitudes.
And lie at rest within this quiet bay.
No more of shifting tides and fickle winds in play —
These Tyrian galleys know soft interludes,
When o'er their cargo some old lover broods
And sees again a verse that slipped away,
Or hears a mocking bird, in moonlit May
Make vocal Nature's holiest haunting moods.
Dream ships, we never thought to look on more,
Saint Anthony has tipped your spars with fire
And salved you from the menace of the night.
Rest, fairy craft, rest on a fairy shore!
Faint bells ring welcome from a viewless spire,
While in the dusk the evening star grows bright.*

Richmond Evening Journal Henry A. Sampson

SEA DREAM

Sometimes at night a song comes flying
Among the shadowy fields in sleepers
Who waken to its sweet careering
Through their bodies' colour and grace:
Magic pierces to their hearing
With sounds that are not heard by day;
Silence, breaking from its keepers,
Flies and music takes its place.
Those who waken and hear it crying
Find it beats with tidal motion;
It is the blood within their clay,
Remembering its ancient ocean.

To hear such wild and dreamy strains
Borne past the dim shores of the veins
The heart stops short — then beats again,
So to keep the singing flowing
Through the lands that lie in men.
For in the song those thousand streams
Are telling of their ancient fountain.
The sea, with all its jewels glowing
And beauty running on the waves,
Or buried in the water-mountain
Where the sea Shape, snowy and old,
In deeps that mock the diver's wish,
Blood-blind with war and a hate untold,
Still dooms and tombs in his diamond caves
The silver navies of the fish;
And the cold sea-worm, all curled
About the bones of battle gleams.
"Long past," (the song runs), "left behind,
— But we remember all in dreams,—
The battles in the water world
Till the landward gates were passed.

Long since, all dim, long left behind,
The foes, the fangs, the hates at last
Buried in the water-mountain
With the nations of the blind."

Then the song changes and is young
A new music leaps in birth,
Flying sweet in the veins of each,
Flooding through the body's earth,
Telling with the spirit's tongue
Of new seas lifting on another beach.
In the spirit, in the heart's deep places,
Those hidden seas increase:
The shining love from the eternal spaces
That beats on earth with surges soft as fleece
Fills them in silence from a tidal fountain.
Until the golden day shall gleam
When the red wells of hate are sealed,
Buried in the shining mountain
On the day of the heart's overflowing
When the earth is washed and healed,
And the lovers with the dream,
From ocean unto ocean going,
Shall lift at last into the living peace.

So the song tells, and much besides
Of glories in the blood's dim tides;
Much that no ear of dust can mark
Of marvels in the body's dark,
Singing of marvels in the body's dark.

The New Republic

Ridgely Torrence

THE NAME

When I come back from secret dreams
In gardens deep and fair,
How very curious it seems —
This mortal name I bear.

For by this name I make their bread
And trim the household light
And sun the linen for the bed
And close the door at night.

I wonder who myself may be,
And whence it was I came —
Before the Church had laid on me
This frail and earthly name.

My sponsors spake unto the Lord
And three things promised they,
Upon my soul with one accord
Their easy vows did lay.

My ancient spirit heard them not.
I think it was not there.
But in a place they had forgot
It drank a starrier air.

Yes, in a silent place and deep —
There did it dance and run,
And sometimes it lay down to sleep
Or sprang into the sun.

The Priest saw not my aureole shine!
My sweet wings saw not he!
He graved me with a solemn sign
And laid a name on me.

Now by this name I stitch and mend,
The daughter of my home,
By this name do I save and spend
And when they call, I come.

But oh, that Name, that other Name,
More secret and more mine!
It burns as does the angelic flame
Before the midmost shrine.

Before my soul to earth was brought
Into God's heart it came,
He wrote a meaning in my thought
And gave to me a Name.

By this name do I ride the air
And dance from star to star
And I behold all things are fair,
For I see them as they are.

I plunge into the deepest seas,
In flames I, laughing, burn.
In roseate clouds I take my ease
Nor to the earth return.

It is my beauteous Name — my own —
That I have never heard.
God keeps it for Himself alone,
That strange and lovely word.

God keeps it for Himself — but yet
You are His voice, and so
In your heart He is calling me,
And unto you I go.

Love, by this Name I sing, and breathe
A fresh, mysterious air.

By this I innocently wreathe
New garlands for my hair.

By this Name I am born anew
More beautiful, more bright.
More roseate than angelic dew,
Apparelled in delight.

I'll sing and stitch and make the bread
In the wonder of my Name,
And sun the linen for the bed
And tend the fireside flame.

By this Name do I answer yes —
Word beautiful and true.
By this I'll sew the bridal dress
I shall put on for you.

The Bookman

Anna Hempstead Branch

THE CUP

I cannot die who drink delight
From the cup of the crescent moon,
And hungrily, as men eat bread,
Love the scented nights of June.

The rest may die — but is there not
Some shining, strange escape for me,
Who found in Beauty the bright wine
Of immortality?

Harper's Magazine

Sara Teasdale

THE MARCH THAW

On — turgid, bellowing — tramp the freshet rills,
Heaped up with yellow wine, the winter's brew.
Out-thrown, they choke and tumble from the hills,
And lash their tawny bodies, whipping through.
With flattened bells come scudding purple rain;
The cold sky breaks and drenches out the snow.
Far from the perfect circle of the sky
The heavy winds lick off the boughs they blow;
And fields are cleansed for plows to slice again,
For April shall laugh downward by and by.

With purifying blasts the wind stalks out
And sweeps the carrion of winter on;
It prods the dank mists, stamps with jest about,
And sows the first blooms on the greening lawn.
Far up the planks of sky the winter's dross
Goes driven to the north; her rank smells wave
In unseen humors to the icy pole
The charwomen of the sky, with brushes, lave
And wash the fields for green, and rocks for moss,
And busily polish up the earth's dull soul.

Poetry, a Magazine of Verse

Edwin Curran

HYMN TO LIGHT

Wind-loving daughter of eternal day,
Flooding the sky from urns of starry fire
To leap upon the altar of our clay
And rouse the curled flame of our desire,
O Thou, whose liquid element hath power
To colour dreaming grasses with thy prayer

And curve the petals of an April flower,
Be unto us the passion of our air.
Thou turnest flesh to flowers and earth to flame.
Now, in thy name,
We shape the dust of stars into a song,
For thou art strong.

Here, where the glancing memory of the leaves
Stirred by a windless longing, dropping white,
Patterns the tranced music midnight weaves
Under the vanished boughs of April night,
And where the violet-haunted pasture sleeps
Drowsy with fragrance, be the gentle guide
Of mystery-laden flocks the hillside keeps
Sheltered beneath thy wonder-flooding tide.
Thou ledest earth and wind and water home,
The swallow to the nest.
Open our shadow-path across the foam
Into the west.

Or, 'neath the tented majesty of air
That wraps the golden body of the sun,
Scatter thy robes and rise, divinely fair,
Under the spreading arch of clouds that run.
Foam-flanked, and streaming in the molten east,
Come to us over the waters, breasting day.
The Bridegroom calls thee to the wedding feast.
Come with us, naked, over the fields away.
The morning stars are ringing in the sky,
The morning lark below.
Shoulder the hill with us, the wind laughs high,
The flowers of April blow

The Bookman

Edward J. O'Brien

THE PATH

He followed the curve of the sunrise
Till he came to the gap of the hill,
Where the golden track to the morning
Beckoned, very still.

And over that ancient pathway,
In a mist of flooding foam,
He met the star-eyed shepherd
Bringing his slow flock home.

Up through the gates of magic
They drifted, one by one,
As the little white clouds on the hillside
Drifted before the sun.

Softly, before their shepherd,
They paced down the grassy rim,
And the golden track to the morning
Was no longer the way for him.

Harper's Magazine

Edward J. O'Brien

TRAPS

A trap's a very useful thing:
Nature in our path sets Spring.
It is a trap to catch us two,
It is planned for me and you.
Do not think my cheeks are warm,
Do not wonder if my arm
Would make a pillow sweet for rest.
Not to speak or glance is best —
To smother the thing that calls so clear

Deep in our thoughts at the spring of the year.
If we stop, if we look, if we speak, if we care,
Nature will snatch us unaware,
Will put us in a house with four
Chairs, a table, and a door
To enslave us evermore.
She means to tie you firm and tight
To a desk from dawn till night
To make you strain and make you sweat
Till you forget, till you forget
All that is good and fine and high.
She will give you fear to keep till you die.
She means to tear my flesh to make
A child to steal my hours awake,
To break my hours asleep, to be
Slayer of the youth in me,
Slayer of the youth in you,
Slayer of that which makes us sing.
Let us never look at Spring;
It is a trap to catch us two.

Reedy's Mirror

Mary Carolyn Davies

SPRING-SONG

Spring comes earliest in flower-shops,
Bringing windows riotous with bloom —
Pink and yellow, white and blue, blossoms calling
 you!
And beyond the door you whiff the moist warm sweet
 odor
Of Nature in her workshop.

Will you have the purple violets
With their heavy stifling fragrance,

And the passion and perfection of their satin-sheen?
They were meant to nestle close against the bosom
Of a dream-rich woman whose soft firm fingers move
 among their petals,
While her dark eyes brood above them,—
Warm and tender — with memories of you!

There is welcome in the fragrance of the roses.
They were meant for glowing girlhood —
To match the color in her cheeks
And the swinging rhythm of her step
On tip-toe with excitement at the wonder of the
 world —
They will sway against a bosom — where they wake
 no memories!

And then there is the orchid — fair exotic stranger.
All contrary and wise, she holds herself aloof
And waits the heavy-lidded woman with experience
 in her eyes —
What they have to tell each other you and I will
 never know!
See the riot of the tulips —
Unfragrant, unmysterious,
They grace the dinner table of a mother or a wife.

Beyond the flashing tulips stand the yellow jonquils.
Nothing else has ever caught so fearlessly the color
 of the sun.
They always seem to whisper
A merry little tune of happy days to come,
So buy them for their glowing gold — and forget
 them in an hour!

But come into the flower-shop if only for a moment,
And drink deep of all the colors of the spring!

Open wide your nostrils
And inhale the mellowed fragrance of a dozen different
 flowers mingling in the warm damp room.
Just come into the flower-shop — and laugh! —
For spring is here!

Dorothea Lawrance Mann

The Boston Transcript

A CRABBED SONG OF SPRING

Spring, I am tired!
Your brisk young buds and vigorous green
And all the bustle of your clouds and winds,
But add to my great weariness.
Ask the long grass how heavy falls my foot
Across the excitement of the meadow!

I pray you, still your restless sprigs and sprays,
And dancing leaves,
Trying their newest steps on every bough and bush,
And tell the birds to call their mates
More modestly!

My eyes are dizzy with the noon's hot gold
And sudden purple,
And my ears ring with shouting yellow, pink and
 white,
And singing blue,
And green and green and green!

Spring, I am sad
And you but make me sadder:
I walk alone in all this busy joy,
This self-absorption.

There is a heartlessness about your birds and flowers!
They sip among themselves the moist, sweet air
Fermented with a thousand scents,
I think all Nature puts her lips
Against the sky and earth,
Mixes and makes of them her beverage immortal —
But my soul stands before an empty cup.

Almost I would unmask the mockery of this rejuvena-
tion,
This yearly comedy of youth!
Spring, sitting there in your green clothes,
You are a gray-haired woman!
You are as old as I,
As sad, as tired.

But you are brave and beautiful,
And I will sit with you a while
And talk with you;
Together we will watch this budding pageantry
That dreams of fullest flower,
Of passionate and perfect reconstruction —
Of love.

But you and I will dream no more
I think.
Spring, we are old.

Contemporary Verse

Leonora Speyer

HOW SPRING CAME TO NEW YORK

Between the windy dusk and the first pale light,
Spring came with breezes and fragrance. Tiptoe
through the night
Into the city she came. The city lay dumb.

Its millions of eyes saw not the light Spring come.
They saw not the light feet dance with quick, sharp
tread.
They saw not the twinkling fingers, the arms out-
spread.
The eyes half open, the lips half open, the hair
Blown back and about on the frolicsome April air.
The millions slept with their tumult of hammers and
wheels.
They saw not the Spring nor the troop that danced
at her heels,
Singers and fiddlers and pipers and children with
lyres,
Painters with brushes and colors, and kindlers of fires,
Maidens with lutes and citherns and youths with harps,
Clowns with parody-melodies' flats and sharps,
Men with horns and boys with trumpets that rang,
Babies with bells that tinkled and twinkled and sang,
Spring with her orchestra, Spring with her rollicking
choir,
Spring with her band fluting to dead desire,
Fiddling to hope past hoping, piping to pain,
"Love, laugh, and sing! Spring, Spring has come
again!"
The millions slept. They saw not the blithe rout
sway
With the flutes' high twiddledeedee up stern Broad-
way.
The towers looked down, the windows stared in sur-
prise,
The arc-lights sputtered and winked their soulless
eyes,
For wherever the stony desert showed a tree
Spring and her covey stopped, and ardently
Spring blessed the boughs and bade the cold sap run;
And at each tree, in parting, at each one,

She left a fiddler or a cithern-player
 To lure the leaves out with some magic air.
 Ah, but the parks were scenes of revelry!
 The crocus buds threw back their quilts to see,
 The grass awoke, the worms and beetles heard,
 And down the corridors sent the wonderful word,
 Down the corridors winding through cool brown earth
 They sent the echoing, rapturous gospel of mirth.
 "Heigh-ho!" cried Spring. "Lay your ear to the
 ground, and hark!
 The grubs are stirring and stretching down there in
 the dark.
 Listen! The voice of the slug-king, calling to war:
 'Awake, O slugs! and pillage the world once more!'"
 "Awake!" echoes the hollow, "Awake!" the sky,
 "Awake!" cries Spring, and "Awake!" her minions
 cry.
 "Awake!" sing the fiddles in music richer than words,
 "Awake!" to the sparrows chirp the returning birds;
 And the sparrows that hate themselves and despise
 their kind,
 Cheep, hop, and turn in the warm, low, cleansing
 wind.
 "Ai-ah!" cries Spring, and "Ai-ah" echoing purr
 Rebeck and fife and gittern and dulcimer.
 And "Ai-ah!" in swelling murmur, first soft,
 "Ai-ah!" then louder, "Ai-ah!" surges aloft.
 "Ai-ah! Oh, earth, forget the pain and the storm!
 Ai-ah! Ai-ah! Oh, cold, white stars, grow warm!
 Ai-ah!" What music of psaltery, oboe and flute,
 What rapturous risings and fallings of viol and lute,
 What calls of one to another, what jubilant hails,
 What sparkling of eyes and teeth, what flowing of
 veils,
 What bendings of bodies in laughter, what impudent
 skips,

What jubilant cartwheels, undulant snap-the-whips,
What rushing of feet, what flame-like blowing of hair,
What rampant revel let loose in Madison Square!
The millions slept. The millions were deaf and blind.
But into their turbulent dreams the new warm wind
Brought far-off flute notes and faint echoings
Of tremulous, bewitching cithern strings,
That traveled strangely into their dreams' waste
places,
Waking new hope, old love, and dear lost faces.
All night the fiddles poured clear, silver streams
Across a weary city's arid dreams,
And when the last note fell, all quivering,
The millions woke, tingling, and whispered,
"Spring!"

The Outlook

Hermann Hagedorn

IN SPRING

I do not know which is worse when you are away:
Long gray days with the lispingsound of the rain,
And then when the lilac dusk is beginning to fall,
The thought that perhaps you may never come back
again;
Or days when the world is a shimmer of blue and gold,
Sparkling newly all in the dear spring weather,
And with a heart that is torn apart by pain,
I walk alone in ways that we went in together.

Good Housekeeping

Aline Kilmer

A PILGRIMAGE

I put off my smoke-dimmed garment,
I put on white for grey;
For I would go on pilgrimage
At the opening of the day;

To a nameless saint, whose altar
Is hidden I know not where,
To be healed of the heavy sickness
My soul like a cloak must wear.

The dull brown road before me
Like a fluttering pennon ran;
And the tingling dust in my nostrils
Smelled sweeter than roses can.

The wayside shrines were many —
But which was the one I sought?
One was of ancient branches
With murmuring leaves inwrought;

One a sun-dazzled wheat field
Where the wind made a shadow road
That rippled and wavered and beckoned,
And in streams unchannelled flowed.

One lay where the moonlight-colour
Of oats, green-silvered, shone;
And one where the purpling clover
Close to my feet had grown.

But the brown road fled before me,
And would not let me stay
To kneel at the shrines of the wayside,
To lift up my heart and pray.

So who was the saint, I know not,
Who quiet healing wrought;
For the road that had turned like a faney,
Lay straight as an iron thought;

Led back to my house of labour,
To my garment of smoke-dimmed grey,
And home from my pilgrimaging
At the closing of the day.

But lo! It was girdled with sunshine
(O where was the miracle shrine?)
And my garment shone as the rainbow,
And my heart sang aloud, for a sign!

The Bookman

Nancy Barr Mavity

PIPING

O, Piper, pipe; and I shall dance
Upon the edges of the sea,
For I am glad and young and free;
The world is all for my delight —
A ball of crystal, shining bright.
Then I must have what is for me —
And ever young and glad I'll be.
I will not heed the foolish creed
That I must pay the Piper.

Come, Piper, pipe a wilder tune
Beneath the slow, sea-rising moon.
How firm and smooth the yellow slope!
How strangely dumb the shadows grope
From out the edge of every tree
To reach the wild and dancing me.
For no still shadows do I care;

The beauty of the moonlit air
Is in my heart, and I must dance —
Yet, must I pay the Piper?

Then, Piper, pipe, and do not cease;
And when I wish for my release
I'll vanish then like quick sea-dawn,
No one to find where I have gone.
For I have always had my way —
I always dance when I am gay —
But I am swift to steal away;
I will not pay the Piper.

O, Piper, Piper, must I pay?
The gray and chilly light of day
Has caught me here — I cannot go.
When pipings end I did not know
That I must pay all I can give;
And that is all my strength to live —
For I must pay the Piper.

Harper's Magazine *Catharine Emma Jackson*

SPRING SOWS HER SEEDS: NINETEEN EIGHTEEN

Why are you doing it this year, Spring?
Why do you do this useless thing?

Do you not know there are no men now?
Why do you put on an apple bough

Buds, and in a girl's heart, thronging
Strange emotions: — fear, and longing,

Eager flight, and shy pursuing,
Noble thoughts for her undoing;

Wondering, accepting, straining,
Wistful seizing, and refraining;

Stern denying, answering? —
— Why do you toil so drolly, Spring?

Why do you scheme and urge and plan
To make a girl's heart ripe for a man?

While the men are herded together where
Death is the woman with whom they pair?

Back fall my words to my listening ear.
Spring is deaf, and she cannot hear.

Spring is blind, and she cannot see.
She does not know what war may be.

Spring goes by, with her age-old sowing
Of seeds in each girl's heart, kind, unknowing.

And, too, in *my* heart (Spring, take heed!)
Now in my own has fallen a seed.

(Spring, give over!) I cringe, afraid.
(Though I suffer, harm no other maid!)

I hide my eyes, a budding tree
Is so terrible to see.

I stop my ears, a bird song clear
Is a dreadful thing to hear.

Seeds in each girl's heart Spring goes throwing.
O the crop of pain that is growing!

The Touchstone

Mary Carolyn Davies

A WOOD SONG

My love is a bush in bloom,
My love is a bird in the air,
My love is an April day,
And a wind with golden hair,

A melody is my love
That trembles and glistens and goes;
A forest in bud is my love
Where hidden laughter flows.

Good-bye, O sweet-lipped maiden,
O trusted friend, adieu!
My old love is my new love,
And dearer far than you.

The Bellman

William Alexander Percy

RED MAPLES

In the last year I have learned
How few men are worth my trust;
I have seen the friend I loved
Struck by death into the dust,
And fears I never knew before
Have knocked and knocked against my door —
“ I will hope little and ask for less,”
I said, “ There is no happiness.”

I have grown wise at last — but how
Can I hide the gleam of the willow-bough?
Or keep the fragrance out of the rain
Now that April is here again?
When maples stand in a haze of fire

What can I say to the old desire,
What shall I do with the joy in me
That is born out of agony?

The Bellman

Sara Teasdale

THE MEETING

Three fir trees climbing against the sky,
A road that ran to the top of the world,
And a wind-drenched tumble of bending rye
To the flaming ramparts of morning hurled.

The waters hurrying down to the sea
Met the wind and the world in flower,
And wind and waters made one in me,
Kept in my heart an eternal hour.

Contemporary Verse

Edward J. O'Brien

POPPY FIELDS

You say the poppy blooms so red
Because its roots were daily fed
On last year's cold and festering dead?

Such is the blessed way of earth;
Oblivious, intent on mirth,
To turn rank death to gorgeous birth!

Even this brutal agony,
So hideous, so foul, will be
Romance to others, presently.

And would it not be proud romance
Falling in some obscure advance
To rise, a poppy field of France?

The Bellman

William Alexander Percy

ON THE LIGHT REEDS

I cannot find the truth that men have told,
But only know the beauty of a song;
And nothing truer than the white sea-foam
Feathering where the gold beach-grass is long;

Or truer than a high complacent pine
Pointed to stars upon a lifted hill;
Or any eloquence of harmony
Telling as much as when a wind falls still.

Men with their speech have made an unreal world;
For I have watched the flight of aimless birds,
Feeling the truth of it within my heart
Dispelled . . . when I have sought to give it words.

Reedy's Mirror

George O'Neil

BY CLODAGH'S STREAM

I met a Fairy in the Dawn,
As supple as a slender rush,
For she had her dancing slippers on
And she had the ankles of a thrush.

The pollen from her red lusmores
Had waxed a web of gossamer,

And all the music out of doors
Began to play a tune for her.

Each leaf was moving on its twig,
And twigs upon their branches shook,
While the Fairy stepped a Gaelic jig
I cannot find in any book.

And thrushes up among the oaks
Sang morning songs with such a grace,
That the earthly echoes seemed to coax
The skylarks from their heavenly place.

Oh! gayly did the Fairy dance
On the web beneath the red lusmores
Nor did she see the sun advance
To the music heard but out of doors.

So the cuckoo called the merry Elf,
And I awoke by Clodagh's stream;
Yet, if I had a dream itself,
I did not have a deaf man's dream.

New York World

Francis Carlin

THE ASCENT

With following the paths that ascend
I have lost the sense of my dwarfish stature;
Lost the sense of the city's bigness
As it dwindles to mosaics;
Lost the sense of the teeming streets
As they dwindle into threads;
Lost the sense of the cultivated foothills,
As they dwindle into a faded quilt —
With following the paths that ascend!

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

David O'Neil

RAINY SONG

Down the dripping pathway dancing through the rain,
Brown eyes of beauty, laugh to me again!

Eyes full of starlight, moist over fire,
Full of young wonder, touch my desire!

O like a brown bird, like a bird's flight,
Run through the rain drops lithely and light.

Body like a gypsy, like a wild queen,
Slim brown dress to slip through the green —

The little leaves hold you as soft as a child,
The little path loves you, the path that runs wild.

Who would not love you, seeing you move,
Warm-eyed and beautiful through the green grove?

Let the rain kiss you, trickle through your hair,
Laugh if my fingers mingle with it there,

Laugh if my cheek too is misty and drips —
Wetness is tender — laugh on my lips

The happy sweet laughter of love without pain,
Young love, the strong love, burning in the rain.

The Masses

Max Eastman

THE WEEPING EARTH

What! Is Earth sodden of anguish?
Is she lain weeping, sobbing the fields,
And the tears that run them scarlet?

White morning, as thou comest,
Art thou not afeared
That thy mantle shall be stained?
Oh, silver-footed Eve, art thou not fearful
That thou shalt bruise the torn breast
Of Earth with thy step, causing her
To weep anew her scarlet tears?

Oh, Noon, hide thou thy sun,
Lest the parched parch them sorer.
Oh, Night, kneel upon the fields!
Pray with cool words of silver moonlight.
Spread thy mantle of mist,
Making the fevered know the touch of mercy.

Oh, gentle God! Oh, gentle God!
Make an end of man's folly
With thy wisdom.

Patience Worth's Magazine

Patience Worth

JOURNEYS TO GO

Ruddy, and golden-bright,¹
The great Sun comes from its bed.²
Look! Like the fiery crown,³
In the window of jewelled glass! —⁴
Ever so fair to the sight,¹
With its glittering spikes outspread,⁷
On its cushion of crimson down,³
Above the Priest, at the Mass: ⁴
— Or the halo that is shed,
In the chapel, as we pass,
From the sinless Christ-child's head! ¹

And do but listen! Oh, hark!
Far over the hill, and the dale! —
Oh, is it indeed the lark,
That warbles so wild, and high?
But rather it seems the glee
That the shepherd blows on his nail —
The wonderful shepherd; he,
With the shifting and shining locks,
Who wanders, and leads his flocks,
Through the pastures of the sky.

O lark! — for we, too, would be
Like thee! — as glad, and as strong!
Strong, with the strength of flight —
For love doth fetter us so!
Strong, with the strength of flight,
And glad, with the gladness of song!
And ever, from some far height,
To look on the world below!
— And over tower, and town,
And over the mountain's crown,
We would gaze adown, and adown,
On the caravans that go
Over the trackless sands,
To the far-off shimmering sea,
With the merchants, bearded, and dark;
And the sails, that whiten, and flee,
To the undiscovered lands —
The lands that we yet must know!
So would we sail, O lark!
And yet, not like to thee!
For thou, when thy song is o'er,
And the light is low in the West,
Wilt come again to thy nest —
But we should return no more.

HOLIDAY

With pilgrim staff and scrip,
With poetry and talking,
And laughter on the lip,
My love and I went walking.

“What! Walking?” they all cried;
They seemed to fear disaster.
We roused the countryside
By stepping out the faster.

Where clematis was spread
We came upon new honey;
Thereon we richly fed
For such a little money.

We drank from out a well
Where phlox and yew were growing;
Then, silent for a spell,
Just thought while we were going.

Our limbs in perfect time
Were rhythmically swinging,
Our bodies gave the rime,
Our blood was up and singing.

“And what poor fools are these?”
Cried tourists from the city.
We ran beneath the trees;
They motored by in pity.

We mocked them in our play
And danced a foot-free measure,
But at the end of day
We took a lift with pleasure.

WILD BIRD

Wild bird with frightened eyes,
Wild bird with beating wing,
Save in the lonely skies
Have you no song to sing?

Wild bird, the open air
Is but a crystal cell;
Song cannot tarry there
Nor any echoes dwell.

Wild bird with fluttered heart,
Wild bird with silent throat,
What calls you far apart
Where cloud and star-dust float?

Wild bird, each cloud, sun-bright,
Is mirrored in your eyes,
And there the stars of night
In flaming ranks arise!

Wild bird with throbbing breast,
Wild bird in ceaseless flight,
Is yours an endless quest
Beyond all human sight?

Wild bird, I know a tree
So tall and straight and fair,
Where every leaf swings free
To pilgrims of the air!

And this I know, wild bird:
Each living, leafy gate
Will open at a word,—
Must that word always wait?

Within that verdant tree
There is a boundless land
Which they alone may see
Who enter hand in hand.

And some find freedom there
Vaster than all your skies.
When shall we greatly dare,—
Wild bird with frightened eyes?

The Outlook

Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer

THE WAY THE TREES BREAK THE SKYLINE

The shoreline of infinities
Is just beyond that belt of trees;
Mile on mile — cobalt and bronze —
The margin of the woodland runs;
Through Hudson, Litchfield, Manchester
Hemlock, birch, and pine and fir,
Weave a border figured dim
With fixed trunk and swaying limb,—
That in the distance to my eye
The wainscot is on a wall of sky.

There are dreams that half forbid
Surprise at all the wonder hid
Behind that wall, so low to earth,
Where the wild creatures come to birth:
Crawling, stepping, hopping, winged
Creatures, unnumbered and unsinged:
Out of the sight and mind of man,
But spume of Nature ere he began: —
What have my dreams to do with these
Denizens under dusky trees?

Nor I forget the richest bloom
Of flowers within the woodland room:
Scent of these, and pungent vines
Under covert, or where there shines
Golden spears of sunlight through
Leaf and branch, to stab the dew;
All this wealth my heart may prize
But further bournes entice my eyes;
There are more thrilling fragrances
Than haunt the air beneath the trees.

The woods are half a mile from me,
Still must I traverse immensity —
Become an element, flame or wind,
Swift as a comet ere I find
The distance reached, the goal confronted,
My soul compels and my vision haunted
Since first that wavering, fiery sign
Flashed as a signal along the line
Where treetops break the skyline. A gust
Of dream blows me thither like dust.

The New Opinion

Katharine Tonkin

AUTUMN COMMUNION

This autumn afternoon
My fancy need invent
No untried sacrament.
Man can still commune
With Beauty as of old:
The tree, the wind's lyre,
The whirling dust, the fire —
In these my faith is told.

Beauty warms us all;
When horizons crimson burn,
We hold heaven's cup in turn.
The dry leaves gleaming fall,
Crumbs of mystical bread;
My dole of Beauty I break,
Love to my lips I take,
And fear is quieted.

The symbols of old are made new:
I watch the reeds and the rushes,
The spruce tree dips their brushes
In the mountain's dusky blue;
The sky is deep like a pool;
A fragrance the wind brings over
Is warm like hidden clover,
Though the wind itself is cool.

Across the air, between
The stems and the grey things,
Sunlight a trellis flings.
In quietude I lean:
I hear the lifting zephyr
Soft and shy and wild;
And I feel earth gentle and mild
Like the eyes of a velvet heifer.

Love scatters and love disperses.
Lightly the orchards dance
In a lovely radiance.
Down sloping terraces
They toss their mellow fruits.
The rhythmic wind is sowing,
Softy the floods are flowing
Between the twisted roots.

What Beauty need I own
When the symbol satisfies?
I follow services
Of tree and cloud and stone.
Color floods the world;
I am swayed by sympathy;
Love is a litany
In leaf and cloud unfurled.

Gladys Cromwell

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

HAVE YOU AN EYE?

Have you an eye for the trails, the trails,
The old mark and the new?
What scurried here, what loitered there,
In the dust and in the dew?

Have you an eye for the beaten track,
The old hoof and the young?
Come name me the drivers of yesterday,
Sing me the songs they sung.

O, was it a schooner last went by,
And where will it ford the stream?
Where will it halt in the early dusk,
And where will the camp-fire gleam?

They used to take the shortest cut
The cattle trails had made;
Get down the hill by the easy slope
To the water and the shade.

But it's barbed wire fence, and section line,
And kill-horse-travel now;
Scoot you down the canyon back,—
The old road's under plough.

Have you an eye for the laden wheel,
The worn tire or the new?
Or the sign of the prairie pony's hoof
Was never trimmed for shoe?

O little by-path and big highway,—
Alas, your lives are done!
The freighter's track is a weed-grown ditch
Points to the setting sun.

The marks are faint and rain will fall,
The lore is hard to learn.
O heart, what ghosts would follow the road
If the old years might return.

Edwin Ford Piper

The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West

ROAD AND PATH

O, road and path, and path and road,
They write the story plain;
To the picnic grounds, to the little church,
And for water, wood, and grain.

They point to the friend, and the dearest friend,
The gossip, the recluse;
To the cloud of grief, and the star of love,
And all life's human use.

There's a rain-washed mark leads up the hill
Because two boys were chums;
And a bridle path steals down the draw,—
Romance in its season comes.

O, fennel and chickweed fill the ruts
In the sunny buffalo grass;
For Andy Marsh and his cousin Bill
Look sidewise when they pass.

'Twas a well worn track to Heathering's farm,
But the courting's over now;
Mary and Belle chose husbands well,
And Jane the veil and the vow.

To Connor's house is a welcome road,
And jollity is ringing;
O, the open door and the dancing-floor,
The laughter and the singing!

There are highways born, the old roads die,—
Can you read what once they said?
From the rain-worn ditch, and the sunflower clump,
And the needs of folk long dead?

Edwin Ford Piper
The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West

THE BOOTED HENS

In secret places strange and wild
E'en to the wonder of a child,
The Wee Folk cobble the little boots,
For birds that scratch the lusmore's roots

And every night the Leprahaun
Must finish ere the Streak of Dawn
A pair of boots for every hen
That scratches on the graves of men.

Now Katty Shields in Kilnagruide,
One morning wanting to feed her brood,
And finding all the hens arrayed
In boots, she cursed the cobbler's trade.

And since that morning long ago,
She is always out at heel and toe,
In a pair of brogues, the like of which
Might well be found behind a ditch.

For she had cursed the Leprahaun,
Who finishes before the dawn
A pair of boots for every hen
That scratches on the graves of men.

New York World

Francis Carlin

BESS

The collie girl had the sense bred out of her,
But she had head and nose and points enough
To make her a queen, a fine queen with a ruff
Of satin and gold, you'd say, instead of fur.

She didn't deserve, no doubt, the hate she got —
She was so shy she'd keep for whole days hid.
Folks wanted a dog to do better than she did,
And thought it stubborn ungrateful, like as not.

Dede Graf, the new man, set himself to feed
And win her, and thought he'd keep her in the shed;
"Somebody's skeert her," he'd say and wag his head.
He'd no more luck than others had, had Dede.

Until the poor, lonesome, howling girl got big,
And no doubt dreamful of her pups to come.
One night she crept up shivering and dumb,
And he saw her crouching underneath the rig.

Lord, when he'd touched her once she was like a
child!
She'd cry and laugh together for the fun
Of feeling his hand on her, and then she'd run
Like a curled streak of gold, that made him wild!

Before the pups came he had her at his call,
And other folk grew soft to her a bit,
She was a beauty, that was all of it,
And Dede was envied while the dogs were small.

She weaned them, and two died and the rest were
given;
And Bess got offish as she was before.
Dede lured and wheedled and shook his fist and
swore —
His talk was somewhat strong when he was driven.

It went on that way for three years about.
She'd come to him and be a little saint,
Having her young; and then the crazy taint
Would get her when the young ones were turned out.

Dede was a Job for patience, and no less,
When she'd go shy again. He'd curse her leather,

Then at the sight of her like a tawny feather
Off in the field, he'd whine, "Hyuh, Bess! — come
Bess!"

He must have got to know her . . . When she died —
The fellow was five-foot-ten and like an ox;
Fearful to see too; pitted by smallpox —
Well, he broke up for days that time, and cried.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Orrick Johns*

OXEN

Weary, they plod the ploughlands of the World.
Wherever turf is turned their hooves have pressed.
Gladly the great Earth-mother gives her breast
For them to trample — her pure bosom, pearly
With dews of innumerable mornings. Where were
furled
Slit pitiful flags, their passing stills dismay:
Yoke-ridden, mute, Peace binds on them her bay.—
For this the goad, the lash, the curse age-hurled!
Patient (Ah, theirs the patient eyes of Christ!),
They tread the centuries. Behind them flows
The furrowed glebe, and hath since Egypt rose,
Starlike, above the Nile. They bide the tryst
Man hath appointed; till he dig their graves,
Serve him, complaintless, who hath made them
slaves.

The Sonnet

Mahlon Leonard Fisher

ALCHEMY

Because of the light of the moon,
Silver is found on the moor,
And because of the light of the sun,
There is gold on the walls of the

Because of the light of the stars,
Planets are found in the stream,
And because of the light of your eyes,
There is love in the depths of my dream.

New York Herald

Francis Carlin

TO ANY WOMAN

Never tell me what you are,
Lest I dare to make you less —
Lest I hold the golden star
To my bosom, and confess
Fire and dross and earthliness;
For I know you cannot be
Wholly what you seem to me.

Shine beyond me, calm and high,
Fair to love and far from knowing;
So that, striving to descry
Heaven in you, and slowly growing
Through forgiving and foregoing,
Somehow I may come to be
Worthy your reality.

The Touchstone

Brian Hooker

THE CAUSE OF THIS I KNOW NOT

The cause of this I know not,
Whither they went, nor why;
But I still remember the laughter
And the bright eyes flashing by —
The day the girls were kissing
The boys who had to die.

I search in vain for the reason —
What does a poet know? —
Only that youth is lovely,
Only that youth must go;
And hearts are made to be broken,
And love is always woe.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Haniel Long

THE PRISONERS

She came among us and we lived.
As unassuming as the day
That seeks no boon or token
She came her elemental way
And healed us who were broken.

The faith that we had put aside
In years when we were master men,
Returned with her like flowers
The knowing spring lures back again,
To help the tired hours.

So we began to see and know.
She brought the light and taught the truth
To us poor fools of duty.

It was her unimpeded youth
That filled our lives with beauty.

They saw no change when she had gone.
But we, who seemed so very old,
Had snapped our chains to follow
Her face, that was the rainbow's gold,
Her heart, that was the swallow.

The Bellman

Scudder Middleton

YOU

Is this your body that my fingers touch?
And are these lips but lips, that can reveal
Splendor of marching skies — so much
More than the flesh can feel?

Under the savage heat and rude desire
A sudden glory breaks, half-felt, half-seen;
I rise upon a sea of singing fire
That lifts and sweeps me clean.

The rumble and the clash of war have gone
Into my blood that shouts its battle-cry!
Even your beauty keeps me struggling on
Toward that for which men die.

You hold me closely, yet you set me free
For unknown battles with a great release;
You are my red desire of victory
And my white dream of peace.

The Yale Review

Louis Untermeyer

BY SOME STRANGE WAY

By some strange way the truth emerges,
Tangled with frowns or a smile's denial;
Something's declared in the flush that surges
Over your face, at a thought's swift trial.

Auguries! Auguries! how shall you stem them!
A jury of dreams has opened your prison;
All your hopes, what now is to hem them
In with darkness, since the dawn is risen?

Truth has a way its own — no shelter,
Thought or dream or deed or desire
Gives. Fate's a world goes helter-skelter
Out of its path when the blood's — on fire!

The New Opinion

Katharine Tonkin

HANDS

Strange, how this smooth and supple joint can be
Put to so many purposes. It checks
And rears the monsters of machinery
And shapes the idle gallantries of sex.

Those hands that light the fuse and dig the trap,
Fingers that drive a world, or plunge through
shame —
And yours, that lie so lightly in your lap,
Are only blood and dust, all are the same.

What mystery directs them through the world
And gives these delicate bones so great a
power? . . .

You nod your head. You sleep. Your hands are
curled

Loosely, like some half-opened, perfumed flower.

An hour ago they burned in mine and sent
Armies with banners charging through my veins.
Now they are cool and white; they rest content.
Curved in a smile. . . . The mystery remains.

The Yale Review

Louis Untermeyer

I HAVE HAD GREAT PITY

PAN-ATHENAIC

I have had great pity of forgotten lovers
Whom the world remembers only as a name,
Sad and ineffectual singers of the twilight
Who have gone the wind's way whence they came.

Here we halt a moment in the pleasant places
(One there was who loved me, long ago,
Loved me, loved me, loved me, loved me —)
Tell me what the wind is — surely lovers know.
.

Lay aside the lyre, Alexis, I am weary,
Thy fingers pale have touched too many strings;
Warmer through the plane-trees falls the sun at
noon-day:
Better the sea's kiss, bitter though it stings.

Late last night I heard two mingled voices
Hushed in sudden wonder — still her body clings!
Shadow me no shadows, I am weary, weary;
Thy fingers pale have touched too many strings;
.

What is this that whitens all the quiet water,

Like a floating lily, redder than the rose,
Stately as a cedar when the wind arises,
Where the lonely ripple softly over-flows?

What this that reaches out its hands to touch me,
All my sunny body sudden grown so cool . . .
After all the fever here to meet with mercy
Tangled in the cresses of a liliated pool!

The lamp I lifted to my stormy window
Sullen the dark has strangled while I prayed,
And the dear lips of him I loved at midnight
Answer no more the lips upon them laid.

Straighten the feet that know no more of leaping,
Kiss down the eyes that have no need of light;
And above him crumble the faithless wick to ashes
Of my dull lamp that failed him in the night.

Let fall the doom, disdainful of their thunder
Whatever gods may guard the walls of Troy:
Andromache may lift her hands for intercession.
They shall not hearken who evenly destroy.

Purple the wounds that mar his shining belly
Here where the bronze has spent its bitter thrust;
Let fall the doom, there's not a god shall throw me
Till I have levelled Ilium to dust.

Athene of the Olive Tree, slowly the procession
Leaves the shining agora and mounts the awful hill,
All the golden maidens bearing before them
The snowy flaxen offering, reverent and still.

Firm of foot beside them walk the youths in beauty
Naked in the wisdom of the sun-drenched air:

Athene of the Olives, altogether lovely,
Mounts the slow procession up thy holy stair!

Contemporary Verse

Willard Wattles

FREE FANTASIA ON JAPANESE THEMES

All the afternoon there has been a chirping of birds,
And the sun lies warm and still on the western sides
of swollen branches.

There is no wind;

Even the little twigs at the ends of the branches do
not move,

And the needles of the pines are solid

Bands of inarticulated blackness

Against the blue-white sky.

Still, but alert;

And my heart is still and alert,

Passive with sunshine,

Avid of adventure.

I would experience new emotions,

Submit to strange enchantments,

Bend to influences

Bizarre, exotic,

Fresh with burgeoning.

I would climb a sacred mountain,

Struggle with other pilgrims up a steep path through
pine-trees,

Above to the smooth, treeless slopes,

And prostrate myself before a painted shrine,

Beating my hands upon the hot earth,

Quieting my eyes with the distant sparkle
Of the faint spring sea.

I would recline upon a balcony
In purple, curving folds of silk,
And my dress should be silvered with a pattern
Of butterflies and swallows,
And the black band of my obi
Should flash with gold, circular threads,
And glitter when I moved.
I would lean against the railing
While you sang to me of wars
Past and to come —
Sang, and played the samisen.
Perhaps I would beat a little hand drum
In time to your singing;
Perhaps I would only watch the play of light
On the hilt of your two swords

I would sit in a covered boat,
Rocking slowly to the narrow waves of a river,
While above us, an arc of moving lanterns,
Curved a bridge,
A hiss of gold
Blooming out of blackness,
Rockets exploded,
And died in a soft dripping of colored stars.
We would float between the high trestles,
And drift away from other boats,
Until the rockets flared soundless,
And their falling stars hung silent in the sky,
Like wistaria clusters above the ancient entrance of a
temple.

would anything
Rather than this cold paper,

With outside, the quiet sun on the sides of burgeon-
ing branches,
And inside, only my books.

The Century Magazine

Amy Lowell

BLUE SQUILLS

How many million Aprils came
Before I ever knew
How white a cherry bough could be,
A bed of squills how blue!

And many a light-foot April,
When life is done with me,
Will lift the blue flame of the flower
And the white flame of the tree.

Oh, burn me with your beauty then,
Oh, hurt me, tree and flower,
Lest in the end death try to take
Even this glistening hour.

O shaken flowers, O shimmering trees,
O sunlit white and blue,
Wound me, that I through endless sleep
May bear the scar of you!

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Sara Teasdale*

NORA

When I came back from Nora's burial
I found the three days' work to do;
The kitchen sink piled high with sticky dishes,
The beds unmade, the pantry bare;

Soiled rugs to sweep, soiled floors to scrub;
Besides, the countless, little, nameless things
The true housekeeper's feet run after all day long
And never overtake,—
The tiny trivial tasks that show only when they
Are left undone;
Yet their accomplishment makes all the difference
Between the comfort and the rub
Of daily living.

Yes, she, the one I loved the best of all,
Who ever turned toward me the brighter side of
things,
Who shared with me her beauty and her song,
Was gone;
Gone on to higher life; and there was left for me
Only the same old toil and fret,—
The dirt that I must fight each hour,
Knowing full well that it would conquer me,
That surely they would lay me down in it at last,—
To rub, and scrub, and scour, and clean,
To bake, and brew, and mend
For those who did not care for me at all,
Nor I for them.

And she was gone, gone, gone!

Yet I took up the broom and pail with strength
I never felt before.
Lord! How she hated drudgery!
She would not even talk of it.
How she laughed at those who spent good time
In telling how much work they'd done that day!
Yet she was tied to drudgery herself
As most of us must always be, it seems.
"It is to *do*," she said, and kept her thought

Upon the book, the music, and the bit
Of loveliness her flashing needle wrought so cleverly.
She had so little strength; but with it all she loved
The bird, the flower, the sky, the child — so hard
That all who neared her caught her joy in life.
No pain could spoil her smile;
When it was winter out-of-doors, she made you think
 of spring.

When I came back from Nora's funeral
I worked with all my might and prayed,
"Oh, let me be like her!"

The Touchstone

Elizabeth West Parker

ELLEN HANGING CLOTHES

The maid is out in the soft April light,
Our store of linen hanging up to dry;
On clump of box, on the small grass there lie
Bits of thin lace, and broidery blossom-white.
And something makes tall Ellen — air or look —
Or else but that most ancient, simple thing,
Hanging the clothes upon a day in spring,
Like to a Greek girl cut out an old book.
The wet white flaps; a tune just come to mind,
The sound brims the still rooms. Our flags are out,
Blue by the box, blue by the kitchen stair;
Betwixt the twain she trips across the wind,
Her warm hair blown all cloudy-wise about,
Slim as the flags, and every whit as fair.

Contemporary Verse *Lizette Woodworth Reese*

THE EYES OF QUEEN ESTHER AND HOW THEY CONQUERED KING AHASUERUS

Written for the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Philadelphia, and
read at their meeting, December 8, 1917.

*Esther, second chapter tenth verse and twentieth
verse: "Esther had not shewed her people nor
her kindred."*

I

He harried lions up the peaks.
In blood and moss and snow they died.
He wore a cloak of lions' manes
To satisfy his curious pride.
Men saw it trimmed with emerald bands
Flash on the crested battle-tide.

Where Bagdad stands, he hunted kings,
Burnt them alive, his soul to cool.
Yet in his veins god Ormazd wrought
To make a just man of a fool.
He spoke the rigid truth, and rode,
And drew the bow, by Persian rule.

II

Ahasuerus in his prime
Was gracious and voluptuous.
He saw a pale face turn to him,
A gleam of Heaven's righteousness:
A girl with hair of David's gold
And Rachel's face of loveliness.

He dropped his sword, he bowed his head.
She led his steps to courtesy.

He took her for his white north star:
A wedding of true majesty.
Oh, what a war for gentleness
Was in her bridal fantasy!

Why did he fall by candlelight
And press his bull-heart to her feet?
He found them as the mountain-snow
Where lions died. Her hands were sweet
As ice upon a blood-burnt mouth
As mead to reapers in the wheat.

The little nation in her soul
Bloomed in her girl's prophetic face.
She named it not, and yet he felt
One challenge: her eternal race.
This was the mystery of her step,
Her trembling body's sacred grace.

He stood, a priest, a Nazarite,
A rabbi reading by a tomb,
The hardy raider saw and feared
Her white knees in the palace gloom,
Her pouting breasts and locks well combed
Within the humming, reeling room.

Her name was Meditation there:
Fair opposite of bullock's brawn.
I sing her eyes that conquered him:
The fern before the grazing fawn
Bends down with dew, a thing of naught,
Only the forest's floor and lawn.

He gave her * Shushan from the walls.
She saw it not, and turned not back.

* Shushan — the royal city.

Her eyes kept hunting through his soul
As one may seek through battle black
For one dear banner held on high,
For one bright bugle in the rack.

The scorn that loves the sexless stars:
Traditions passionless and bright:
The ten commands (to him unknown),
The pillar of the fire by night: —
Flashed from her alabaster crown
The while they kissed by candlelight.

The rarest psalms of David came
From her dropped veil (odd dreams to him!).
It prophesied, he knew not how,
Against his endless armies grim.
He saw his Shushan in the dust —
Far in the ages growing dim.

Then came a glance of steely blue,
Flash of her body's silver sword.
Her eyes of law and temple prayer
Broke him who spoiled the temple hoard.
The thief who fouled all little lands
Went mad before her, and adored.

The girl was Eve in Paradise,
Yet Judith, till her war was won.
All of the future tyrants fell
In this one king, ere night was done,
And Israel, captive then as now,
Ruled with tomorrow's rising sun.

And in the logic of the skies
He who keeps Israel in His hand,
The God whose hope for joy on earth

The Gentile yet shall understand,
Through powers like Esther's steadfast eyes
Shall free each little tribe and land.

Contemporary Verse

Vachel Lindsay

MAUREEN OGE

Oh Maureen Oge across the foam,
If you were at these hedges here,
You would not know that you were home,
So quaint is everything and queer.

Each primrose opens with the day
To wonder why it has unfurled,
And since you wandered far away
The winds have searched the open world.

The cuckoo calls you home again;
The daisies droop in pale distress;
And roses lean across the lane,
Och! roses wild with loneliness.

Oh Maureen Oge beyond the sea,
I wait not only with the rose;
For in the house where you should be
The walls are lonesome for your clothes.

New York World

Francis Carlin

VILLANELLE

I wonder, will the guelder-roses bloom
Here in this garden where the moon is bright,
When you and I have heard the trump of doom

And faded into dusk like the perfume
Forgotten flowers dropped in their swift flight?
I wonder will the guelder-roses bloom

And stifle with their fragrance this sweet gloom
Where we have walked and tasted of delight,
When you and I have heard the trump of doom?

Ah, love, when we no longer may resume
The sweet old ways, how will the gods requite,
I wonder? Will the guelder-roses bloom?

And will you still from your neglected tomb
In spirit tend them, glorying in their sight,
When you and I have heard the trump of doom?

Already, dearest, you and I like spume
Are falling back into the sea tonight.
It is tonight the guelder-roses bloom!

So kiss me, dear! Kiss me, and from this height
Forget the world will last beyond tonight,
Nor wonder will the guelder-roses bloom
When you and I have heard the trump of doom.

Detroit Sunday News

Richard Mount

LINES TO A LADY

Lay her under the rusty grass,
With her two eyes heavy and blind and done;
Her two hands crossed beneath her breast
One on one.

Lay her out in the paling eve,
With its sudden tears and white birch-trees;

And let her passing seem to be
One with these.

Close her out of this hour of grief,
And casting the earth on her, like a breath,
Sew her tenderly, that she may
Reap her death!

And close her eyes, close, close her lips,
For still, too still is her smitten tongue;
Her hour's over, her breath has passed,
And her song is sung.

Lay her under the wild red grass
In the fields death-tossed and bowed with rain;
And let her silence seem to move
Within the grain.

All-Story Weekly

Djuna Barnes

LAVENDER

The twilight hangs like smoke in the streets,
Pearly, veiling all the stretches in illusion;
And the new-lit lamps are the glow of hearts
That grope unseeing and unseen.

At the corner a lean young girl offers me lavender,
Offers me youth and romance to hold in my palm,
closed — thus.

She gives dreams to the world,
She who knows nought of dreams —
Gives gardens, and waters, and the young shy moon
Hung in the laurels;

Gives the smoke of evening in the willows,
And the complaining stream,
And the lavender's subtle reawakening of old, dead
thoughts.

These, all these she gives, this lean girl —
(A shawl is over her head and her eyes look into the
darkness).

What does *she* know of dreams?
How more happy is she than I who have dreamed,
And may dream no more!

Archie Austin Coates
Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

HEINELET

They met, as it were, in a mist,
Pale, curious, eager, uncertain.
When each clasped the other and kissed,
The mist rolled aside like a curtain.

There were fields of delight to explore,
Where it seemed that their lips could not sever.—
Now their lips are as lone as before
And the cold mist is thicker than ever.

Contemporary Verse *Gamaliel Bradford*

THE PURSUIT

I had visited her often,
Long had sought, with vain endeavor,
Her obdurate heart to soften;
But she answered, "never, never."

Then it softened and ran widely,
Like an ink-drop on a blotter.
I ceased labor, tasted idly,
Found it bitter, and forgot her.

Contemporary Verse

Gamaliel Bradford

THE LOST LOVE

Oh, where has my honey gone?
Fly away, my Jubal, fly away!
Oh, where have they laid her bones?
Fly away, my Jubal, fly away!
Conjure woman shake her head,
Preacher dumb and master sad.
Nobody knows!
Nobody knows!

Why the tears that drop all night?
Fly away, my Jubal, fly away!
Why the heart that burns like fire?
Fly away, my Jubal, fly away!
Angel close the Book of Life,
Moon goes down and stars grow cold.
Nobody knows!
Nobody knows!

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Fenton Johnson*

TO AN OLD TUNE

You cannot choose but love, lad,
From dawn till twilight dreary;
You cannot choose but love, lad,
Tho love grows weary, weary.

For, lad, an if you love not,
You'd best have slept unwaking;
But, O, an if you love, lad,
Your heart is breaking, breaking.

Tho friends and lovers only
Fill life with joyous breath,
Yet friends or lover only
Can make you pray for death.

Throw open wide your heart then,
Love's road-house for a mile!
And if one turns to leave you
Or stab you — smile, lad, smile.

William Alexander Percy

Contemporary Verse

WARNING

As long as you never marry me, and I never marry
you,
There's nothing on earth that we cannot say and nothing
we cannot do —
The flames lift up from our blowing hair, the leaves
flash under our feet
When once in a year or a score of years our hands
and our laughters meet!

For east and west through a sorry world we pass with
our joy to sell,
And they that buy of our song and jest they praise us
that we do well,
But few can sell us the mirth they buy, and few be
that know a song,
And for all of the praise of the kindly folk, their
speeches are over-long!

But two of a trade, one always hears, might get in
each other's way,
And you might be wanting to sing, God wot, when I
desired to play,
(Oh, it's rather a danger with folks like us and our
sparks that are flying free)
But I never, never must marry you, and you never
must marry me!

But when we take breath from songs at last, to be
what the rest call dead,
They'll sigh, "Ah, noble the songs they made, and
noble the jests they said!"
And they will inscribe on our monuments regret that
our day is done —
But we will be off in an excellent place, and having
most excellent fun —

Oh, very proud from a golden cloud you'll stride in
your crown and wings,
Till you hear my little earthly laugh from behind my
gold harpstrings;
And you'll lay your gemmed theorbo down on the
nearest star or moon,
And carry me off on a comet's back for a long, wild
afternoon;

And while we're lashing the comet up till it misses St.
Michael's Way,
And laugh to think how the seraphs blink, and what
the good saints will say,
We'll heave a little sigh of content — or a wistful one,
maybe —
To know that I never can marry you, and you never
can marry me!

The Bellman

Margaret Widdemer

THE WISE WOMAN

His eyes grow hot, his words grow wild;
He swears to break the mold and leave her.
She smiles at him as at a child
That's touched with fever.

She smooths his ruffled wings, she leans
To comfort, pamper and restore him.
And when he sulks or scowls she preens
His feathers for him.

He hungers after stale regrets,
Nourished by what she offers gaily;
And all he thinks he never gets
She feeds him daily.

He lusts for freedom, cries how long
Must he be bound by what controlled him;
Yet he is glad the chains are strong
And that they hold him.

She knows he feels all this but she
Is far too wise to let him know it;
He likes to nurse the agony
That fits a poet.

He grins to see her shape his life,
When she half-coaxes, half-commands him.
And groans it's hard to have a wife
Who understands him.

The Bellman

Louis Untermeyer

THE HARLEM DANCER

Applauding youths laughed with young prostitutes
And watched her perfect, half-clothed body sway;
Her voice was like the sound of blended flutes
Blown by black players upon a picnic day.
She sang and danced on gracefully and calm,
The light gauze hanging loose about her form;
To me she seemed a proudly-swaying palm
Grown lovelier for passing through a storm.
Upon her swarthy neck black, shiny curls
Profusely fell; and, tossing coins in praise,
The wine-flushed, bold-eyed boys, and even the girls,
Devoured her with eager, passionate gaze:
But, looking at her falsely-smiling face,
I knew her self was not in that strange place.

The Seven Arts

Eli Edwards

VANITY

I know why ladies dress themselves
In silky sheens and peacock dyes:
They hush their little hungry souls
And feed them through their snatching eyes.

I know why ladies mince and strut
And wrap themselves in mimic state:
Despairing prisoners of the world,
Their hearts are hungry to be great.

The Yale Review

Karle Wilson Baker

MADONNA OF THE EVENING FLOWERS

All day long I have been working,
Now I am tired.
I call: "Where are you?"
But there is only the oak tree rustling in the wind.
The house is very quiet,
The sun shines in on your books,
On your scissors and thimble just put down,
But you are not there.
Suddenly I am lonely:
Where are you?
I go about searching.

Then I see you,
Standing under a spire of pale blue larkspur,
With a basket of roses on your arm.
You are cool, like silver,
And you smile.
I think the Canterbury bells are playing little tunes.

You tell me that the peonies need spraying,
That the columbines have overrun all bounds,
That the pyrus japonica should be cut back and
rounded.
You tell me these things. . .
But I look at you, heart of silver,
White heart-flame of polished silver,
Burning beneath the blue steeples of the larkspur.
And I long to kneel instantly at your feet,
While all about us peal the loud, sweet *Te Deums* of
the Canterbury bells.

The North American Review

Amy Lowell

A NIGHT TRAIL

My tired horse nickers for his own home bars;
A hoof clicks out a spark.
The dim creek flickers to the lonesome stars;
The trail twists down the dark.
The ridge pines whimper to the pines below.
The wind is blowing and I want you so!

The birch has yellowed since I saw you last,
The Fall haze blued the creeks,
The big pine bellowed as the snow swished past,
But still, above the peaks
The same stars twinkle that we used to know.
The wind is blowing and I want you so!

The stars up yonder wait the end of time
But earth fires soon go black.
I trip and wander on the trail I climb —
A fool who will look back
To glimpse a fire dead a year ago.
The wind is blowing and I want you so!

Who says the lover kills the man in me?
Beneath the day's hot blue
This thing hunts cover and my heart fights free,
And laughs an hour or two.
But now it wavers like a wounded doe.
The wind is blowing and I want you so!

Scribner's Magazine

Badger Clark

SPRAY

I knew you thought of me all night,
I knew, though you were far away;
I felt your love blow over me
As if a dark wind-riven sea
Drenched me with quivering spray.

There are so many ways to love
And each way has its own delight —
Then be content to come to me
Only as spray the beating sea
Drives inland through the night.

The Touchstone

Sara Teasdale

THE CHILD'S MOTHER

I who was with her all the time, a child,
Remember now just how she spent the days.
The names of flowers in the garden ways
She said were little live things, winged and wild,
Which hovered just above — for she loved words.
Inside, the house was quiet when she sewed;
Around her in the room the silence flowed.
Her hands were warm and quick, like quiet birds.
The flickering candles in her looking-glass
Widened her eyes to pools of wonder deep.
Once in my father's arms I saw her weep.
And sometimes she came running, on the grass.
Now I hear fragments of a song she sung,
But then I never knew that she was young.

Ainslee's Magazine

Louise Townsend Nicholl

LOVE OF CHILDREN

The Love of Children lives; it never dies;
Deathless as Love's own self, it gleams and shines
Like a soft lamp of stars set in the pines,
Aglow so long as stars glow in the skies!
A boon of dew, it falls where slumbering lies
The seed-bud of a thousand-flowered rose;
A breeze benign, o'er arid Earth it blows;
A cooling hand, it soothes the World's tired eyes.
Sweetner of Centuries, Egypt knew it, Rome,
And India encompassed round with dreams;
It broods today by dim Assyrian streams,
Streams dim with unplumbed woe; where broken dome
And ivied silence crown the Cyclades,
The dusty aisleways wake to old lullabies!

The Sonnet

Mahlon Leonard Fisher

FOR A CHILD NAMED KATHARINE

(Heard speaking through Fritz Kreisler's playing of
Schubert's ballet music from "Rosamunde")

God and the Fairies, be true, be true!
I am the child who waits for you.

I wait for God as I go to sleep.
I stretch out my hand for His hand to keep.
I look for Fairies where grass is deep,
And once where I heard a bell on the sheep.
The Saint who comes at Christmas-time
Is somehow not so much all mine.
He surely comes, for Christmas Day,
But I never ask that Saint to stay.
He brings me beautiful things to keep,

But I liked the best the bell on the sheep.
God and the Fairies I can not see
Are the ones that I want to stay with me.
They always stay with me through the night,
But they go just before the room is light.
It is always just God, or just Fairies, who stay,
But I never know which, nor which is away.
But once I woke when it was dark
And Something made me hush and hark.
My hand which I'd left outside on the sheet
Was tucked very gently under my cheek.
So I knew it was God who stayed that night —
And then I slept till it was light.
And when my hand stays out on the bed,
I guess the Fairies are there instead.

I think the Fairies bring the dreams,
And when I wake and my room seems
Very strange, because I've played
All the night in a woodsy glade
In my dreaming, then I know
Fairy folk have made it so —
Fairy folk who slide, they say,
Into the house on a thin moon's ray.
But always Something has been there,
To fill my room with Day and air,
To make me feel so sweet and wise
Before I open up my eyes.
But sometimes when it's bright and Day,
I feel alone and I must pray.
I am sure of them and yet I say,
"God and the Fairies, be true, be true!
I am the child who waits for you."

Louise Townsend Nicholl
The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West

SWAN-CHILD

*My feet have touched the Dancing Water,
My lips have kissed the Singing Rose
And I was born a swan-girl's daughter. . . .*
Oh, I would stay with you, my lover,
But in my heart a sea wind blows
And in the dark the wild swans hover. . . .

To-night as I went down to sea
To cast my net, to draw my net,
The Marsh-King's daughter whispered me,
"Sister," she called, "do you forget?"
For, though I am a fisher's child
It was a swan-maid mothered me,
And I have wings that I can don
When day is done, when dark comes on,
To bear me high across the sea.

One star-dusk when I waited you
And it was long before you came,
There was a bird with wings of blue
And claws of gold and crest of flame
Who sang with words as mortals do:
He sang me of an ivory fountain
Within a wood beyond a mountain
Where lies beneath the water's flow
A golden key, a silver cup,
Until my hand shall lift them up. . . .
(Oh, I must go from you, my lover!)
For they were mine once long ago.

How shall you keep me, dear my lover?
My heart is yours till night-winds call,
And then dear earth-things fade and fall
(O I was born a swan-girl's daughter!)

For I have found beneath the moon
Brown fairy fernseed for my shoon
That carries me where no man knows,
Beyond the sands, beyond the clover. . . .
I cannot bide with you, my lover. . . .
*My feet have touched the Dancing Water,
My lips have kissed the Singing Rose.*

The Bookman

Margaret Widdemer

THE BEACH

The chill clung to the water;
A bevy of boys,
In naked beauty —
Venturesome,
Shivering,
Shy with wonderment —
Huddled into themselves,
Like street sparrows
On snowy mornings.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

David O'Neil

TRICKSTERS

I am bewildered still and teased by elves
That cloud about me even through city streets.
One sings a stave and one a dream repeats,
One, crueler, in some old resentment delves.
I am aware they are my other selves,
Yet to what dazzling vision each entreats,
Casting a glamour over shams and cheats,
Ennobling can't buzzing by tens and twelves!
So then my smiling grieves the passerby.

I strut in all vocations not my own,
Wearing the centuries like a baldric slung;
Whilst shabby I gawk at this splendid I.
Chronos and Momus through my lipe intone,
Archangels, heroes,— rascals yet unhung!

The Yale Review

William Rose Benét

GLORIES

Through the half open door,
Over the gray sidewalk,
In front of the many-spired Russian Cathedral —
Alien of aliens, here in the Occident —
Sweeps music,
Bitter, plaintive,
Yearning, turbulent,
Splashing purple, red, blue, gold,
Over the white sidewalk:
Vari-colored glory of the East
On the gray glory of the West.

Through the half open door,
Over the gray sidewalk,
Drifts incense smoke,
Curling in lavender spirals,
Now soft, now heavy,
Scented with a far, foreign odor,
Mingled with hesitating lilac fragrance
From the bush on the green parking:
Mystic glory of the East
With the simple glory of the West.

Through the door, opened wide,
On to the white sidewalk,

Pour the worshippers —
Aliens of aliens, here in the Occident —
With far-looking eyes,
With far-seeking faces,
With far-born turbulent tongues,
Jostling the kindly, contented, practical,
Conventional-voiced passers-by:
To-morrow's glory of the East,
Jostling to-day's glory of the West.

The Nation

Nelson Antrim Crawford

THE GAMES

Luck makes him head, he meets it pranksomely,—
Dapper Ulysses, five feet in his boots
And proud as Satan of a black mustache
Would grace a Spanish pirate; half a hand
In the wheat, first class at baking. Buxom Sue
Towers last in the line of girls; she could pitch
 bundles
All day for any partner: mirth arises
To see them countering between the ranks,
First shuttles in the good old weaving game,
The blithesome maze of the Virginia reel:

“Meet half way to your best liking,
Meet half way to your best liking,
Meet half way to your best liking,
You're the one, my darling!

“Lead 'er up an' down the old brass wagon,
Lead 'er up an' down the old brass wagon,
Lead 'er up an' down the old brass wagon,
You're the one, my darling!

“ Wheel an’ turn the old brass wagon,
Wheel an’ turn the old brass wagon,
Three wheels off an’ the axle draggin’,
You’re the one, my darling!”

The seven stanzas near monotony
When each has led the weaving. Welcome change
Is the graceful round of a good old harvest dance:

“ O, it rains, and it hails, and it’s cold stormy
weather;
In comes the farmer, drinking up cider.
I’ll be the reaper if you’ll be the binder,
I’ve lost my true love and I cannot find her.”

They race through *Tansy* with a merry speed
Before the circle spins into rollicking rings
In the whirls of “ Three by three with a polkay O!”

“ O, great big sheep jumped over the meetin’ house,
Over the meetin’ house, over the meetin’ house,
Great big sheep jumped over the meeting’ house
Down in Alabama!”

Some echo rises as from age-old rites
In *Oats, Peas, Beans and Barley, Weevilly Wheat*
Times lightsome dancers, then, a flouting song
With a flower for the girl, a gibe to tease the boy:

‘ O, now we’ve got the little red rose,
The little red rose, the little red rose;
And now we’ve got the little red rose
So early in the morning!
Go choose you out a partner,
The prettiest you can find.

“ And now we’ve got the old plough horse,
The old plough horse, the old plough horse; —”

Comes *Happy Miller* with its round of shifts;
Then *Chase the Squirrel*; boys and girls in lines,
With the head couple dancing through and back:

“ Up and down the center we go,
Up and down the center we go,
Up and down the center we go,
This cold and frosty morning!

“ Now’s the time to chase that squirrel,
Now’s the time to chase that squirrel,—”

The girl runs round the rank of girls, the boy
Circles at speed the rank of boys in hope
Of sweet reward in the lane. The lads take space
Lengthening the line to see the pursuer puff:

“ Catch her and kiss her if you can,—”

And he may catch her if luck favors him,
Otherwise,— he is chaffed for running slow.
Voices need rest. Youth turns with lively relish
To coffee and fried chicken, rolls and cakes,
Doughnuts and pies. An hour of chat and laughter;
Then the cool moon may spill its gracious ease
On what might else seem awkward, while the space
Lends harmony to youthful voices blent
In folk-tunes of the good old courtship games,
Where dancing is the maid, romance the lady:
Juniper Tree, We’re Marching Round the Levee,
Here Comes a Loving Couple, Lazy Mary,
Then the lively turns of *The Girl I Left Behind Me,*
With, *Here She Stands*, and a partners’ march for
ending:

“ We are marching down to old Quebec,
And the drums are loudly beating;
The Americans have gained the day,
And the British are retreating.

“ The war’s all o’er, and we’ll turn back
To the place from whence we started;
We’ll open the ring, and choose a couple in
To see if they’ll prove true hearted.”

The moon is rolling half-way down the sky
When the last wagon rumbles to the road;
And you hear *Suwanee River, Old Black Joe,*
And *Annie Laurie*, sweet and faint and far,
Dying in silver haze along the hills.

O prairie spaces, joyous boys and girls,
Youth, and romance, and music of the moon!

Edwin Ford Piper
The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West

PRAYER FOR A NEW HOUSE

May nothing evil cross this door,
And may ill-fortune never pry
About these windows; may the roar
And rains go by.

Strengthened by faith, these rafters will
Withstand the battering of the storm;
This hearth, though all the world grow chill,
Will keep us warm.

Peace shall walk softly through these rooms,
Touching our lips with holy wine,

Till every casual corner blooms
Into a shrine.

Laughter shall drown the raucous shout;
And, though these sheltering walls are thin
May they be strong to keep hate out
And hold love in.

Good Housekeeping

Louis Untermeyer

HROLF'S THRALL — HIS SONG

There be five things to a man's desire:
Kine flesh, roof-tree, his own fire,
Clean cup of sweet wine from goat's hide,
And through dark night one to lie beside.

Four things poor and homely be:
Hearth-fire, white cheese, own roof-tree,
True mead slow brewed with brown malt;
But a good woman is savor and salt.

Plow, shove deep through gray loam;
Hack, sword, hack for straw-thatch home;
Guard, buckler, guard both beast and human;
God, send true man his true woman!

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Willard Wattles*

THE DREAM-SELLER MAN

The Dream-Seller came to the little by-street,
His smile was misty, yet grave and sweet,
As he knocked on the door where his footsteps led,
At the house of The Lady-Who-Sews-for-Bread.

He lifted the veil from his basket lid,
And showed where his beautiful dreams lay hid;
Some golden, some sparkling, some violet-gray,
And smiled, as he said, "Any dreams today?"

"Oh, Dream-Seller Man, don't you know right well,
'Tis not *here* you must come with dreams to sell;
'Tis not to the poor, who spin and weave
Dreams and hopes with the air they breathe;
Each attic chamber has its loom;
There's a spindle of dreams in each small hall room.
No, Dream-Seller; go to the side of town
Where the mansions are grand, and big and brown,
Where the wealthy are busy with dress and play,
Go *there*, if you'd sell any dreams today.

The Touchstone

Eugenia Stoutenburgh

INVOCATION

Ancestral Spirit, hidden from my sight
By modern Time's unnumbered works and ways
On which in awe and wonderment I gaze,
Where hid'st thou in the deepness of the night?
What evil powers thy healing presence blight?
Thou who from out the dark and dust didst raise
The Ethiop standard in the curtained days,
Before the white God said: Let there be light!
Bring ancient music to my modern heart,
Let fall the light upon my sable face
That once gleamed on the Ethiopian's art;
Lift me to thee out of this alien place
So I may be, thine exiled counterpart,
The worthy singer of my world and race.

The Seven Arts

Eli Edwards

THE DIVAGATOR

You think my songs are strange.
I think they are myself.
I let my fancy range —
The divagating elf.

Don't say my songs are common.
For though my soul I seek
In every man and woman
I want my songs unique.

Contemporary Verse

Gamaliel Bradford

ARDOR

Others make verses of grace.
Mine are all muscle and sinew.
Others can picture your face.
But I all the tumult within you.

Others can give you delight,
And delight I confess is worth giving.
But my songs must tickle and bite
And burn with the ardor of living.

Contemporary Verse

Gamaliel Bradford

MY SONG, BE SILENT

My Song, be silent, for a bird has died:
I saw his little figure in the snow,
Like a soft fallen blossom. Does God know
The golden throat, whose molten flow had pried

The grave of April open and thrown wide
The prison of the Spring, is still — the lute
Whose tentative sweet tuning should salute
The violet, which is of Spring the pride?
Have saddened pastures, planted by His hand,
Had any inkling, in this wintry hour,
Of lilies that shall listen, where they tower,
And, all in vain, the grasses, where they stand,
For skyey song gone back the way it came? . . .
I wonder can the summer be the same!

The Sonnet

Mahlon Leonard Fisher

WHEN THE SONG IS DONE

When the song is done
And the notes all heard,
Who can find the thrill in a plain brown bird
A beggar bird shivering out in the snow —
Dingy and starved? Must beauty go
When the song is done?

Is there none in the wing
And none in the breast of the shivering thing
Could we bring back the notes — make them over in
red,
Color the dingy throat, breast and the head,
Would the rapture be there
And all that was fair
When the song was begun?

The Masses

Annette Wynne

OLD BOOKS FOR NEW

Through the streets and bazaars
Of a Far Eastern city
There went one day a Moor
Bearing in a basket
A glittering array of lamps.
And as he walked he cried:
"Oh, who will give
Old lamps for new?"
And all the world followed him
And the street boys pursued him
From place to place,
And mocked at him.
But he cared not for that,
For when he reached
The palace of Ala-ed-Din
He gained the prize he sought,
The Magical Lamp of the Treasure,
In exchange for his tawdry wares.

And so today
In Western lands
Great thoughts out of the past
Woven from the magic of men's minds
Are bartered or are cast aside
Whenever we are asked to give
Old books for new.

The Boston Transcript *Edwin Francis Edgett*

THE MATHEMATICIAN

Stranger alike to traffic's clamor crude
And to joy's throbbing, intricate design,

He stands serene. A formula, a line,
With changeless beauty is by him endued.
Striver for truth's perfection, no light mood
May move him. Differential, axiom, sign,
Bring to him glimpses of the far divine,
Marking the boundaries of finitude.

By Euclid's theorems cramped, he seeks new spheres,
And walks in high, far ways forever free,
Toils with awed vision through the ordered years,
Till, from the all-but-handled harmony,
In some grave vision Deity appears,
And in a graph he finds Eternity.

The New Republic *Nelson Antrim Crawford*

ON EDWARD WEBBE, ENGLISH GUNNER

He met the Danske pirates off Tuttee;
Saw the Chrim burn "Musko"; speaks with bated
 breath
Of his sale to the great Turk, when peril of death
Chained him to oar their galleys on the sea
Until, as gunner, in Persia they set him free
To fight their foes. Of Prester John he saith
Astounding things. But Queen Elizabeth
He worships, and his dear Lord on Calvary.
Quaint is the phrase, ingenuous the wit
Of this great childish seaman in Palestine,
Mocked home through Italy after his release
With threats of the Armada; and all of it
Warms me like firelight jewelling old wine
In some ghost inn hung with the golden fleece!

The Yale Review

William Rose Benét

ROBERT E. LEE

O Robert Lee, you paladin,
I wonder how my words would strike you.
I know the portrait might have been
In many, many ways more like you.

But you would not have had me plan
To make your figure more heroic
For you would rather be a man
Than just a marble hearted stoic.

And I can often hear you say,
When they condemn and when they flatter,
In your divinely tender way,
"Good friend, it really doesn't matter."

Contemporary Verse

Gamaliel Bradford

STEPHEN PHILLIPS, BANKRUPT

How shall men call you "bankrupt," you who hold
The treasure of a deathless line of kings,
Who, musing 'midst the surge of awful wings,
With lifted eyes, unwearied, calm and bold
Can span the infinite and see unfold
The shrinking beauty of all hallowed things,
While sun to sun in joy eternal sings
And far-flung stars burn through a rain of gold.
Life, Love and Death are yours to understand;
The cry of winds and laughter of the sea;
The lore of days to come and days long dead.
All, all is yours, and if with empty hand
Men pass you by, still, shall your soul be free
E'en though your body, fettered, asks for bread.

Richmond Evening Journal *Henry A. Sampson*

THE BURNING BUSH

He talks of kings and in his eyes at times
I catch parading banners tossing by.
He puts to rout my gathering cloud of rhymes
By smiling suddenly and lifting high
His weather-beaten forehead to the sky.
With speculative twists he throws the ball
Of chatter with agility most spry
And keeps the thread, nor loses it at all.

His face is like old oak the sun has burned
To mellow beauty, and his eye is such
That if it suddenly on me is turned
I am aware of things that matter much
In analyzing why the common touch
Of sight to sight means more than words may say,
And why the earth may sometimes seem a smutch
Of soot upon the lintel of the day.

He grows in greatness to his words and I
Diminish in their magic to an ear
Existing solely for the thoughts that fly
In colored ardency from him so near
And I so far, thoughts longer than a year —
With wisdom heaped on wisdom, yet they pass
As swiftly as a half-unconscious tear
Dropped suddenly upon a heated glass.

He hitches up his one suspender, chews
Tobacco with a ruminating air,
Dissects with equanimity the news
Of warring nations, with a word lays bare
The white nerve-centres of some great affair
And solves a riddle that a statesman died

To find the key to, turns a knowing stare
Upon humanity — and once he sighed.

He sits upon this battered hulk, the earth,
And plays with theory as men with dice.
He knows the nations from their feeble birth
In prehistoric fields of sliding ice.

Through age and age he traces each device
That man perfected for the sake of Man,
And has no need to brood upon them twice,
But places each within its proper plan.

Incompetent he may be for a world
Too eager of delight to know a seer
Who reads the heavens as a sign unfurled
And finds philosophy a spinning drear.
But there are times I feel that gods are near
And through the windows of his eyes a light,
Auspicious, awful and divinely clear,
Glows like the Burning Bush across the night.

The Boston Transcript *Herbert S. Gorman*

TUTORED NOT, UNLEARNED AM

Tutored not, unlearned am I,
Left to sift the ash of ages
That I may find one lentil
Upon which to feed.
Oh, the prattle of wise men,
And the wisdom-heavy wagging
Of fools! Their yeas and nays
Clink like pence within the purse
Of time.

Patience Worth's Magazine *Patience Worth*

THE DEAF-MUTE SERMON

In silence which no weighted sound could plumb
I sat before the pulpit, while a son
Of canonized Ignatius deftly spun
A sermon with quick fingers and a thumb;
And seated there among the deaf and dumb,
It seemed to me, remembering Babylon
Of the many living languages, that none
Became so much that stilly state to come,
For at the benediction music pealed
A chant of mighty chords, and suddenly
The cleric to his only hearer sang
As sang a lark one distant morn to me
O'er the deaf and tongueless lying in their field,
While the Irish bells of Limerick loudly rang.

New York World

Francis Carlin

THE MOULD

No doubt this active will,
So bravely steeped in sun,
This will has vanquished Death
And foiled oblivion.

But this indifferent clay,
This fine experienced hand,
So quiet, and these thoughts
That all unfinished stand,

Feel death as though it were
A shadowy caress;
And win and wear a frail
Archaic wistfulness.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse Gladys Cromwell

THE BANDED

Who are the banded? Gather from the four
Broad winds one hundred strangers varying
In tongue, age, disposition; set them down
On the wild prairie where a neighbor's help
Is priceless. Each has left an ordered world
Where every wheel rolls on in its old rut
To the expected stopping place, and men
Make law of local patterns, local custom.
How shall these hundred settlers find adjustment
To their unsettled neighbors, and to thoughts
Novel and startling, thoughts which fostering years
May nourish to strange fruitage? 'Tis a problem
Too large for human powers, infinite
In nice complexities.

The spirit of life

Will draw this dusk confusion into form,
Will shape the self of the neighborhood wherein,
Like wheat straws in the bundle, men are bound,
And press upon each other, bringing help
Or harm not to be measured. Hate, and love,
And hateful love, and loving hate, and low
Passions that bind man to his brother beast,
And wild sweet hopes, and airy fancies lifted
Like a winged song half way from man to God,
Must merge into the spirit of the group
Which pipes for dancers, mourns to those that mourn,
Trains one wolfhound to charge the bristling pack,
Pampers another into poodle form,
And for a sulky brute lays a rod in brine.

Brutes may object to rods. Suppose the cur
When threatened, snarls, when beaten, howls and
bites;

Dogs, children, wives, and neighbors swell the
clamor,—
Bow-wow and boo-hoo, Fairview Ridge eruptive.

It's easier to start than end a fracas,
And *status quo* may seem beyond the reach
Of thought itself, demanding that each bristle
Shall lie sleek on the dog, and not a tremor
Stir in the extinct volcano.

Here the banded
Fashion the fate of man. Who prays for blessing
Shall ask for health, a clean soul, and good neighbors.

Edwin Ford Piper
The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West

IN A FACTORY

If you made your picture
And I made my song,
Think you they would give us bread
All the year long?

The great wheels of the city
Grind clothing and grind bread,
And what if we offered
Songs, pictures, instead?

So, I'll make the petticoat,
You make the shoe,—
That's what the world wants
Of me and you.

The Masses

Annette Wynne

THE LITANY OF THE COMFORTABLE

Remembering Thy sacrificial throne,
We chosen guardians of revelation
Establish on the earth the Word's foundation
On men that groan.

We praise and magnify Thee, that of the seed
Thy martyrs planted who in anguish died,
We are the fruit indeed,
Consummate, justified.

Against inquiry and ardor's heat
Thy mercy we entreat;
From consequence untoward and perilous
Deliver us;

From rod and tribulation for Thy sake
Deliver us;

From slander, ruin and from social break
Deliver us;

From all excess of love and penitence;
From unproductive forms of violence
Deliver us;

From needless pain and execrated sorrow;
From the fool's paradise, unplanned tomorrow;
From hunger fell with its fell partner thirst;
From leprous blight of poverty accursed;
From exile, revolution and the rest
That Thou hast blest,
Deliver us;

And at the last, we pray Thee, of Thy Grace
From sudden death

Deliver us;

Lest it be truly as the prophet saith,
That in unsheltered space
We look upon Thy face.

The New World

Viola Chittenden White

SAINTS' GOLD

Whoso is faithful warden of desire,
And o'er his bosom wields control complete,
Hath deep within his soul a bower meet
For shadowy ease and chaunt of woodland quire;
Nay, 'tis a sacred region walled with fire,
A sanctuary pure, a calm retreat
Of healing thoughts and claustral silence sweet
Whence all the ills o' the seeming world retire.
But if he should his wild desires unpen
Upon this precious plot and it despoil,
The snake Remorse about his heart shall coil
And this fair garth become a viperous den;
For this is truth, if any truth's to tell,
In man's own breast he bears his Heaven or Hell.

The Catholic World

John Bunker

THE THRESHING-FLOOR

(1 Chronicles xxi. 15-23)

Beyond the valleys flushed with almond-buds,
Beyond the blue, deep circle of Judean hills,
Where yet the mist of new-fledged olive-boughs
Lay gray as rain,

The fleece-girt shepherds shaded troubled brows
 To see them go,
The hosts of David, bannered, terrible,
 Across the plain,
Winding in purple pomp to Jericho,
And still the leaf was green upon the fig,
 And still
The wild grape pitched her bronzing tabernacles
 On the hill,
When they came back across the gilding fields
 In broken might,
Seeking, beside his wheat-gold threshing-floor,
 Ornan the Jebusite.

So have they come to us, the broken kings,
To stand among our wheat-chaff and our flails,
Staining our mill-stones with the blood and fire
 Of covenant.
Lo! we have known too long the field, the byre,
 Have loved too well
The goodly thunder of the flails upon the floor,
 The threshers' chant;
Too long have lingered in the market-place to sell
 And weigh.
Not only wheat and oxen shall they take
 Of us,— nay,
Corn and oil and the burnt flesh of sacrifice, these
 things
 Be lesser things,—
Take of our sons, our prayers, our blood, that we may
 give
 “ As kings give unto kings.”

Scribner's Magazine

Dorothy Paul

STAIRWAYS

Massive and grand are those old houses know,
Whose rails, too high for children's hands to reach,
Lend yet the ready help of friends to each
In age, to ease his hard ascent and slow.
Like brooks', their broad mahogany's soft flow;
Like that of rivers the proud sweep of them,
Holy because they knew the garments' hem
Of some we loved and lost in Long Ago. . . .
Ah, God! what is to soothe us — now our tears
Are softly fall'n and Laughter lets no more
Her silver lyric float from floor to floor —
Who climb these silent stairways with the years
For mute companions, and, when those have passed,
But stagger blindly down them at the last!

The Sonnet

Mahlon Leonard Fisher

THE CROSS-CURRENT

Through twelve stout generations
New England blood I boast;
The stubborn pastures bred them,
The grim, uncordial coast,

Sedate and proud old cities,—
Loved well enough by me.
Then how should I be yearning
To scour the earth and sea?

Each of my Yankee forebears
Wed a New England mate;
They dwelt and did and died here,
Nor glimpsed a rosier fate.

My clan endured their kindred;
But foreigners they loathed,
And wandering folk, and minstrels,
And gypsies motley-clothed.

Then why do patches please me,
Fantastic, wild array?
Why have I vagrant fancies
For lads from far away?

My folk were godly Churchmen,—
Or paced in Elders' weeds;
But all were grave and pious
And hated heathen creeds.

Then why are Thor and Wotan
To me dread forces still?
Why does my heart go questing
For Pan beyond the hill?

My people clutched at freedom,—
Though others' wills they chained,—
But made the Law and kept it,—
And Beauty they restrained.

Then why am I a rebel
To laws of rule and square?
Why would I dream and dally,
Or, reckless, do and dare?

O righteous, solemn Grandsires,
O dames, correct and mild,
Who bred me of your virtues!
Whence comes this changeling child? —

The thirteenth generation,—
Unlucky number this! —

My grandam loved a Pirate,
And all my faults are his!

A gallant, ruffled rover,
With beauty-loving eye,
He swept Colonial waters
Of coarser, bloodier fry.

He waved his hat to danger,
At Law he shook his fist.
Ah, merrily he plundered,
He sang and fought and kissed!

Though none have found his treasure,
And none his part would take,—
I bless that thirteenth lady
Who chose him for my sake!

The Bellman

Abbie Farwell Brown

THE UNQUIET

He thought to solve
The unquiet of his heart,
In the stillness of solitude;
But the ticking of the clock,
Penetrated the silence;
Then song-sparrows sang
In the evergreens at his window;
And there came the ache
Of a heavily loaded wagon
Straining
Up the hill;
And the voices of things in his room
Clamored,
Till he sought the noise of the city
For its silence.

David O'Neil

Others, A Magazine of the New Verse

LOVE'S ISLAND

(From the Japanese of Doku-Ho)

An island in an inland sea;
 "Too small for me!" I sadly cried
 And then espied
A lark that rose into the sky.
Whereat I changed my plaintive cry:
 "If lark there be
 Then field there is.
 If field there be
 Then man there is.
 If man there be
 Then Love there is.
Then large enough, indeed, for me
Thou little island in the sea!"

Scribner's Magazine

Ian Oliver

FOLDED POWER

Sorrow can wait,
For there is magic in the calm estate
Of grief; lo, where the dust complies
Wisdom lies.

Sorrow can rest,
Indifferent, with her head upon her breast;
Idle and hushed, guarded from fears;
Content with tears.

Sorrow can bide,
With sealed lids and hands unoccupied.
Sorrow can fold her latent might,
Dwelling with night.

But Sorrow will rise
From her dream of sombre and hushed eternities.
Lifting a Child, she will softly move
With a mother's love.

She will softly rise.
Her embrace the dying will recognize,
Lifting them gently through strange delight
To a clearer light.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse Gladys Cromwell

THE SHADOW OF SILENCE

The wind no longer sings to me,
Nor is there any sound
From the white fringes of the sea
Or spring rain on the ground.

I see the song-bird's swelling throat,
And lift my head to hear
A long-belated silver note
That never meets my ear.

The earth like velvet deeply drowns
All echoes of my tread.
My ghostly friends through ghostly towns
Drift like the formless dead.

Only the changeless pantomime
Of stars in still review
Keeps me in touch with space and time
And worlds that once I knew.

For all the chorus of the earth
Down the unending days
Will bring no tidings of clean mirth:—
I walk through soundless ways.

Wind, sea, birds, and living men:
If you are silent,— be it so!
A voice I shall not hear again
Is the one grief I know.

The Outlook

Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer

KNIGHTS-ERRANT

Death is no foeman, we were born together;
He dwells between the places of my breath,
Night vigil at my heart he keeps and whether
I sleep or no, he never slumbereth.
Though I do fear thee, Knight of the Sable Feather,
Thou wilt not slay me, Death!

But one rides forth, accoutred all in wonder;
I know thee, Life, God's errant that thou art,
Who comes to make of me celestial plunder,
To wound me with thy love's immortal smart!
Life, thou wilt rend this flesh and soul asunder;
Love, thou wilt break my heart!

The Catholic World

S. M. M.

VIA LONGA

It's far I must be going,
Some night or morning gray,
Beyond the ocean's flowing,
Beyond the rim of day;
And sure it's not the going,
But that I find the way.

The Catholic World

Patrick McDonough

ALLIES

I

In the dark of the mine,
In the bloom of the sun,
In the leap of the vine
I heard the war-message run;
Heard the old earth softly crooning
And whispering to her own,
The hymn of man attuning
Under republic and throne:—
“Nature my garment, love my creed,
And the thought of man to grow in;
Labor the arm, freedom the seed,
And the field of time to sow in!
What are these mighty labors worth,
If Justice die upon the earth?”

II

I heard the old earth calling
Loud over plains and mountains,
Voices, arising and falling,
In the noise of ocean-fountains:—
“Waken, old allies of man,
Ye, who were borne in my bosom!
He, in whom freedom began,
The topmost flower and blossom,
The glory and fruit of all
The ages have lifted on high
On the heaven-most branch of the sky,—
Shall he fail? Shall he drop? Shall he die?—
What are ye all, if he fall?
What are we all, if he die?”

III

"Ships for the pilot of time,
 Who hath the stars for eyes!
 Room for the sailor sublime,
 The unroller of the skies!
 He, who stretched, past hope's increase,
 Freedom o'er the laughing foam,
 And on the billows set her home,
 The boundless empire of the seas,
 Continent-bastioned, island-strewn,—
 And grasped the keys of fates unknown!
 Let nature's universal whole
 Press on the common toil,—
 Corn, and cotton, and coal!
 Copper, and iron, and oil!
 What are ye all, if he shall fall?
 What you or I, if he shall die?

IV

He harnessed our wild forces;
 He edged our might with mind;
 Our ways, the heavenly courses
 His instincts have divined:
 All light that we inherit
 Pours from his azure spirit,
 That hath a higher law —
 Honor and freedom knowing,
 Justice and mercy showing,
 That our dumb worlds o'erawe:
 The truths his lips let fall
 Point the celestial pole;
 For the greatest ally of all
 Is man's own soul."

Scribner's Magazine *George Edward Woodberry*

RECESSIONAL

IN TIME OF WAR

MEDICAL UNIT —

Even as I see, and share with you in seeing,
The altar flame of your love's sacrifice;
And even as I bear before the hour the vision,
Your little hands in hospital and prison
Laid upon broken bodies, dying eyes,
So do I suffer for splendor of your being
Which leads you from me, and in separation
Lays on my breast the pain of memory.
Over your hands I bend
In silent adoration,
Dumb for a fear of sorrow without end,
Asking for consolation
Out of the sacrament of our separation,
And for some faithful word acceptable and true,
That I may know and keep the mystery:
That in this separation I go forth with you
And you to the world's end remain with me.

.
How may I justify the hope that rises
That I am giving you to a world of pain,
And am a part of your love's sacrifices?
Is it so little if I see you not again?
You will croon soldier lads to sleep,
Even to the last sleep of all.
But in this absence, as your love will keep
Your breast for me for comfort, if I fall,
So I, though far away, shall kneel by you
If the last hour approaches, to bedew
Your lips that from their infant wondering
Lisped of a heaven lost.
I shall kiss down your eyes, and count the cost

As mine, who gave you, by the tragic giving.
Go forth with spirit to death, and to the living
Bearing a solace in death.
God has breathed on you His transfiguring breath,—
You are transfigured
Before me, and I bow my head.
I leave you in the light that lights your way
And shadows me. Even now the hour is sped,
And the hour we must obey —
Look you, I will go pray!

Reedy's Mirror

Edgar Lee Masters

THE COLLEGE

1917

The darkness is full of well-remembered sounds
And smells of vanished spring.
Old North's calm clock is making his tuneful rounds,
The echoes leap and sing
In the old old way from star-topped tower to tower —
I pause in the shadow and strain
For the voices that now will arise to salute the hour:
But they come not here again.

Cradled along the tops of the ancient trees
Swings autumn's newest moon —
The shadows shiver before the silent breeze
Heralding Night's high-noon.
Scattered lights gleam out through the leaded glass,
Where the lowest leaves begin:
But many a window is dark, and I turn and pass
Where I used to enter in.

On the edge of night when still is seen no morning,
Princeton, you stand and smile.

Glad to give, when the call followed the warning,
Your sons for a little while.
And if they come not again, as before some came not,
Heart-free and young and whole,
They know their names, like their fathers' fathers',
shame not
Your ghostly honor-roll.

Scribner's Magazine *Hamilton Fish Armstrong*

AN OLD INN BY THE SEA ¹

All night long we had heard the voice of the Sea
Roaming the corridors.
Across the worn and hollow floors
There went a ghostly tread incessantly.
The walls of our old inn,
By windy winters eaten grey and thin
Trembled and shook, the wild night long,
With resonant, vague, hoarse-throated song,
Like a storm-strung violin.

All night we heard vast forces throng
To onset in the dark, indomitably strong,
An army under sable banners flying.
And then, above the din
Of far wild voices crying
And farther, wilder voices dreadfully replying,
Slowly, far down the unseen mysterious shore,
With fearful sibilance and long unintermittent roar,
We heard another, mightier tide begin!

Then our hearts shook, there on the worlds' wild rim
Fronting eternity and neighbouring the Abyss.

¹ Written shortly after America's declaration of war.

Had we not cowered all night from the face of Him,
 The King of Terrors, from the coil and hiss
 Of the pale snakes of death
 Writhing about our very door?
 Had we not borne his clammy breath
 Upon our hair
 Nightlong, and his stealthy footstep on the stair,
 His vast voice everywhere?
 Had not each echoing wall and hollow floor,
 Worn by his winds so grey and spectre-thin,
 Resounded like the shell of a fragile violin
 That screams once at its death and never more?
 Had He not homage of our fear enough before
 He sent this last dark cohort crashing in?

The Bookman

Odell Shepard

SPRING, 1918

I never longed so hungrily for spring
 Before, nor in the past and peaceful years
 Saw the first robin through a rush of tears,
 And heard his throaty whistle quivering.
 Bright squills the color of a bluebird's wing,
 And fruit-trees white as water round the weirs
 You hearten us more than a storm of cheers,
 Eternal beauty reawakening.
 Help us to know it is for you we fight,
 O Beauty of the many guises! Be
 Incarnate for us in white deeds: the flight
 Of wind-blown birds in May, and liberty,
 Still manifest no less in the grim night
 Of gallant failures like Gallipoli.

The Century Magazine

Sara Teasdale

IN TIME OF WAR I SING

I

I sing of Song! of Spontaneity.
Of all the mirage Hopes we're dreaming of.
I sing of Deity!
The Song-god gave to me
The love of Song, the song of Love.
Crude-carven it may be,
My song of Song;
And its supremacy
Lies not in master-music ravishing,
Nor in gemmed verse by genius' hand set free,
But in the words: I sing!

II

Song's parents are the singer's Joy and Pain;
Song's soul is Love;
Song is the mirror of the heart
That pictures to the mind a world apart
From sordid things it's thinking of.
Song is a sacred treasure-trove
That e'en the humblest do not seek in vain.
When touched by Art,
Song is transfigured
And mounts to golden air above,
A living dream to be and to remain
Eternal loveliness.

III

In carefree boyhood, bare of feet and arms,
I whistled out my song in dusty lanes;
In awkward youth-tide, filled with faint alarms,
I hummed my song, timid of noisy strains;
In passionate manhood, burning with the sweet

And awful fire, in Love's own tongue I'd greet
The pink of dawn,
The gold of eve;
The woodland-warbler's glad, wide-throated song
Shamed not my song of Love.

Now in full lustihood of powers I stand
And see grim War enshroud the ravished world.
War-slaved, into a chaos *I* am hurled.
I see the giant guillotine grow great;
I hear the snarling hymns of poisoned hate;
I hear the world's soul shriek —
It dare not speak;
Its hollow face
Looks piteously for a place
To hide itself in death.

Still do I sing
And bring
My soul of song to solace the world's soul.

IV

The wolf-world shows its fangs and cries:
You fool, your songs are lies!
Barbaric foes ordain to devastate
The world of good; therefore to expiate
The crime, we must retaliate.
Sing hate!
Feel hate!
Our guilt will be purged white through bloody sacrifice.

I sing of hate? . . .

There is no wrath among the stars for me;
There is no rage in the white moon for me;

There is no combat in my dreams;
There is no hate within my memory;
My soul knows not the chord: retaliate.
I have no song of hate.

V

So still I sing, till leaping at the smart
Of War's hard hand, I turn; and from his heart
Of iron he vomits through his bloody lips:
Poor slaverling pygmy! You are caught in grips
Of powers so gigantic that the whole
Of Life is shackled; this decrepit soul
Of which you prate needs but a breath
To shrivel into silence with your death.

His cannon roar of laughter rocks the sky
I cower for a moment, then I cry:
I live *this* hour, and in it I
Sing as ne'er I sang before!
Your dread, death-recking power
Stops at the door
Behind which souls assemble; that fair place
Of spirit-song your form can not disgrace.
This pygmy self defies you to destroy
My soul's one hour of exalted joy!

VI

He turns, but does not go . . .
Ah, well I know
The fire of War's breath
Means death.
Ah, well I feel Moloch's certain power
Crushing this glad hour.
To-day I may be thrown
Into abyssmal War's red zone.
To-morrow I may see

Strong bodies shattered hideously.
Then will I sing?
Can I then sing?

The Song-god gave to me
The love of Song, the song of Love, and He,
Mightier than Moloch, gave it immortality.

VII

Dear God, when stumbling up the scorching hill
That dooms my death, e'en then
My song must not be still!

I see ahead a gored, ensanguined path;
I hear the guns belch forth in deafening wrath;
Sickened, I stand before the shrieking slain;
I watch the scarlet stretchers write with pain;
See War obliterate the Brotherhood
My song had wooed

Alone with God I sing above the strife!

Rings out the word to charge!
I cross the marge
Of life.

Then will one last enraptured, quivering cry,
One more loved strain from memory,
One final hope for time to be,
Burst from my soul as in the mud I die!
Mingling with the earth-mold, one last kiss
I'll give the world's soul — only this —
A friend's farewell — then silence — War's roar
drowned —
I find my song within the world's soul — crowned.

Everybody's Magazine *Allen Crafton*
(Hq. Co. 123d Field Artillery, Camp Logan)

THE DRAFTED MAN

Kissed me from the saddle, and I still can feel it burning;
But he must have felt it cold, for ice was in my veins.

Shall I always see him as he waved above the turning,
Riding down the cañon to the smoke-blue plains?

Oh, the smoke-blue plains! How I used to watch them sleeping,

Thinking peace had dimmed them with the shadow of her wings;

Now their gentle haze will seem a smoke of death a-creeping,

Drifted from the fighting in the country of the kings.

Joked me to the last, and in a voice without a quaver,
Man o' mine; but underneath the brown his cheek was pale.

Never did the nation breed a kinder or a braver

Since our fathers landed from the long sea-trail.

Oh, the long sea-trail he must leave me here to follow,

He that never saw a ship, to dare its chances blind,
Out the deadly reaches where the sinking steamers wallow,

Back to trampled countries that his fathers left behind!

Down beyond the plains, among the fighting and the dying,

God must watch his reckless foot and follow where it lights,

Guard the places where his blessed, tousled head is lying —

HEAD MY SHOULDER PILLOWED THROUGH THE WARM SAFE
NIGHTS.
Oh, the warm, safe nights, and the pine above the
shingles!
Can I stand its crooning and the patter of the rains?
Oh, the sunny quiet and a bridle-bit that jingles,
Coming up the cañon from the smoke-blue plains!
The Century Magazine *Badger Clark*

THEY PASS

Oh, I have seen the valiant ones go by —
Eyes to the sun — and heard the praise of men
Filling the day for deeds that will not die;
And I have stood apart and wondered, then.

It must be right, or blind hearts would not leap
With such instinctive joy because they go
To things that make men proud and women weep,
They are the very life of truth, I know.

And all I wonder is,— how do they wake
To so much grandeur who were meek so long —
When I, who from the first loved living's ache,
Have nothing else to offer but a song. . . . ?

Reedy's Mirror

George O'Neil

THE BLOOD-STAINED CROSS

(From a rosary taken from the body of a poilu killed in
one of the first battles of the war.)

A black cross and a bloody
With a small Christ on a tree
A black cross and a bloody
From a dead man's rosary,

To count no Ave Marys
To say no prayers by rote
A black cross and a bloody
I wear upon my throat;

A black cross and a bloody
I wear upon a chain
To keep in this my body
Still, still, his body's pain;
A black cross and a bloody
To let me not again
Sleep satisfied or calm until
A murderer be slain.

Blackcrusted blood makes holy
The black cross at my throat.
And to the Christ upon it
I say no prayers by rote;
Kind prayers I have forgotten,
The little prayers of peace —
Until a death be compassed
I have no time for these.

The young dead man had stiffened
His fingers held from harm
In wooden clasp the cross that now
Upon my throat is warm
About him fell my kinsmen;
The foe they could not stem;
And since I have no token
I keep this cross for them.

Until his death be compassed
Who slew my kin, I keep
The little cross upon me
To tell me, in my sleep,

Even in dreams to strengthen
My arm to join my blow
With others to bring death to him
Who laid my kinsman low.

I wear the black cross that has been
In a dead man's hands. I dedicate
My life, my power, my strength, my hate
To this: For what his deeds have been
To slay the one who slew my kin.
Beauty and joy are kin to me
And youth. War slew them utterly.

The Touchstone

Mary Carolyn Davies

SILENCE

The battle raged with hellish spite,
And good men fell like rain that night.
The morning stars came on a-pace
And stared into each staring face.
Tearing its way the wild shell screamed;
— But quietly the Fallen dreamed.
“It is the shining April rain
Singing to us,” said the Slain.
“The rustling poplars stir and sigh
Like mothers crooning hush-a-bye.
Happy candle lights appear
In every cottage far and near.
The supper things are laid away
And round the hearth the children play.”
The Red Cross Men stole on the field
To find the gruesome harvest's yield.
They bore the wounded back from hell:
—“Somebody comes,” said Those Who Fell.

And each one thought within his breast,
"It is the one that I loved best.
She kneels down softly by my side,
And weeps to think that I have died.
I wish that I could smooth her cheek,
For she is bowed and sad and meek.
But it is sweet to have her come
Though I must lie here cold and dumb.
She puts my head upon her breast
And prays for my eternal rest."

After the sick September noon
The evening brought the waning moon.
Soft veils she wove around each head.
—"It is an angel," dreamed the Dead.
"We cannot think what way we died,
But Christ we know was crucified.
And for His sake we have release,
God gives good soldiers death and peace.
We shall march up before His tent
All in a shining regiment.
And He will smile on us and say,
'My soldiers have done well today.'
For Heaven has a simple grace
Where folks are kind and commonplace.
It is not proud and grand and far,
But like our homes before the war."

Peace lay upon the shattered plain
Where men had fallen like summer rain.

The Touchstone

Virginia Biddle

WAR-TIME IN THE MOUNTAINS

I—"DULCimore OVER THE FIREBOARD"

Dulcimore¹ over the fireboard, a-hanging sence allus-
ago,
Strangers are wishful to buy you, and make of your
music a show.
Not while the selling a heart for a gold-piece is reck-
oned a sin;
Not while the word of old Enoch still stands as a law
for his kin.

Grandsir' he made you in Breathitt, the while he was
courting a maid;
Nary a one of his offsprings, right down to the least
one, but played,
Played, and passed on to his people, with only the
song to abide,
Long-ago songs of Old England, whose lads we are
battling beside.

There you'll be hanging to greet him when Jasper
comes back from the fight.
Nary a letter he's writ us,—but he'll be a-coming, all
right.
Jasper's the last of the Logans,—hit's reason to feel
that he'll beat,
Beat, and beget sons and daughters to sing the old
songs at his feet.

¹ The dulcimer has been for generations the musical in-
strument of the Kentucky mountains. To its plaintive drone
are sung the ancient English and Scottish ballads still handed
down from father to son.

II — THE CRIPPLE WOMAN

A cripple woman has a sight of time to grieve and fret,
With nary thing to do but watch the sun-ball rise and
set,
And nary soul a-passing by the whole enduring day.
Hit's lonesome up the holler now the lads are gone
away!

They useter lope along the trail, their beastes all
a-rare,
A-shouting out the good old tunes and shooting in the
air;
And whether they was drunk or dry, they'd allus stop
and say,
"Well, howdye, Aunt Lucindy, how're you comin' on
to-day?"

Loretty 'lows they *had* to go; she'll not have got hit
right,—
I never heared of forcing mountain men to jine a fight.
Hit mought be known down yander they're right handy
with a gun,
And they'll be larning level-country lads how shoot-
ing's done.

The maids have quit their weaving, and they've quit
their singing too,
'Twill be a lonesome valley that they'll be a-traveling
through;
And sorry help are cripples, who can only sit and pray,
"Christ comfort maids and mothers now the lads are
gone away!"

The Outlook

Ann Cobb

YOUTH IN ARMS

O Youth who erstwhile stood before thy elders
In particolored garments, gay and bright,
Loose reined in dalliance and singing
For sheer delight;

What dear Alcestis wakes thy spirit's ardor,
That thou, like some new Hercules, should'st be
In Yorkshire, Rome, Columbia, Picardy,
Armed cap a pie?

The Boston Transcript

Eron O. Rowland

PRAYER OF A SOLDIER IN FRANCE

My shoulders ache beneath my pack,
(Lie easier, Cross, upon His back.)

I march with feet that burn and smart,
(Tread, Holy Feet, upon my heart.)

Men shout at me who may not speak,
(They scourged Thy back and smote Thy cheek.)

I may not lift a hand to clear
My eyes of salty drops that sear,

(Then shall my fickle soul forget
Thy Agony of Bloody Sweat?)

My rifle hand is stiff and numb,
(From Thy pierced palm red rivers come.)

Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me
Than all the hosts of land and sea,

So let me render back again
This millionth of thy gift. Amen.

Good Housekeeping *Joyce Kilmer*
Private 165th Infantry — American Expeditionary Forces

HIGH HEART

The sea that I watch from my window
Is gray and white;
I see it toss in the darkness
All the night.
My soul swoops down to sorrow
As the sea-gulls dip,
And all my love flies after
Your lonely ship.

Yet I am not despairing;
Though we must part,
Nothing can be too bitter
For my high heart;
All in the dreary midnight,
Watching the flying foam,
I wait for a golden morning
When you come home.

Good Housekeeping *Aline Kilmer*

THE BROOK THAT RUNS TO FRANCE

The brook that threads the meadow
Was rippling in the sun,
And close beside it in their play
I saw the children run.

"Where goes the brook, my brother?"
The little maiden cried.
"It seeks the river first," he said,
"And then the ocean wide."

"And when it finds the ocean,
Where do its waters go?"
"To distant shores and round the world,
Wherever tides may flow."

The little maiden pondered:
"Oh, is there any chance
Our little brook will cross the sea,
And touch the shores of France?"

"Who knows?" the brother answered.
"The waters travel far;
It may be that our brook will flow
To where the battles are."

Then spake the little maiden:
"Upon Memorial Day
We love to gather all the flowers
That blossom in the May;

"We take them to the churchyard,
And place them there above
The graves of gallant men who fought
Beneath the flag we love.

“ I have a plan, my brother ”—
Her bright eyes met his glance:
“ We'll ask the brook to bear our flowers
To those who are in France ! ”

They gathered from the hillside
The purple lilac spray ;
They plucked the little violets
That grew beside the way.

And then into the waters
They cast them one by one —
The waters of the meadow brook
That sparkled in the sun.

“ Oh, take the flowers we offer,”
I heard the children say,
“ And bear them with our love to France,
Three thousand miles away ! ”

The brook went rippling onward,
The blossoms on its tide,
To seek afar the river first
And then the ocean wide.

I know not where the waters
The love-sent blossoms bore ;
But this I know — their fragrance spread
Three thousand miles, and more !

The Youth's Companion *John Clair Minot*

HIS MOTHER SPEAKS!

He died in France!
I know —
I who love courage so —
I must not weep, but only bravely smile,
Still thinking all the while
That, in some rosy haven where he lies
At rest in Paradise,
By a most gracious Heaven-granted chance
He smiles at me — my boy who died in France!

He surely could not be afraid,
How long we worked to make him brave!
Why, when he was a little tot, one day
He came home cut and bruised and gave
Me one scared look, and said,
“They pounded me,” and cried and begged to stay
Away from school and never, never to go back.
And then we talked, my little lad and I,
He snuffled and he whined but ceased to cry,
Then stood up straight and gave his chest a whack,
And tossed his head,— his close-cropped head,
Where his bright chestnut curls were used to grow
Before his father cut them off,— ah, long ago —
And said he'd beat them yet!

But oh, those dreary days
When he came home still beaten, still afraid!
His sobbing whimpers always made
My heart sink low. · It was so hard to get
His courage back, and make him try again.
Till dawned that golden morning when
He strutted through the door, his eyes ablaze!
His lips were cut and his poor freckled nose
Was one red spurt of blood from well-placed blows.

I met the gaze
Of that wrecked god-like youngster, saw the shade
Of fear had vanished, and I knew
That when he pranced and shouted, it was true —
“ I ain't afraid! ”

But now he's dead,
In France, I don't know where.
He thought I would not let him go,
Dear, foolish boy, and brought me flowers
And petted me and tried so to prepare
My heart for his great news. How could he know
That I had read it in his deepened eyes
And sudden manly ways?
He was so proud that I could rise
To his fair dreams. He thought that I loved Peace;
And so I did, until one night they drowned
A stately ship whose bravery has crowned
Her beauty for the centuries to praise.
Since then I did not cease
To rear about my splendid boy great towers
Of pray'r that he should fight with courage high
And that, if need be, bravely he should die.

I prayed that he might fight, if die he must,
Matched man to man with hope in ev'ry thrust;
That in his last encounter he should meet
A man who fought with grave and gallant grace
And, while the blows fell, in the other's face
Be written admiration; so the last defeat
Would not taste bitter from a foe so brave.
This boon I could not help but crave.
What futile dreams a mother's thoughts employ!
Surrounded he — a dozen to my boy!
And yet I know —
I who love courage so —

When through the dawn their faint shapes were
descried,
Thank God — he fought them all, and fighting died!

Scribner's Magazine

Blanche Olin Twiss

A ROAD IN FLANDERS

There is a road in Flanders
That runs a quiet way,
And few there were that found it;
And yet, at dusk of day,
There were some feet that sought it,
And loved its dust and loam,
The feel of it beneath them:
Men glad of going home.

A little road and quiet,
Not built for great affairs —
The sort of road for children,
All sweet with evening airs.—
So many now have found it
That knew so few before,
But never the feet of home-glad men,
Or children any more.

Collier's Weekly

David Morton

CHRISTMAS EVE IN FRANCE

Oh little Christ, why do you sigh
As you look down tonight
On breathless France, on bleeding France,
And all her dreadful plight?

What bows your childish head so low?
What turns your cheek so white?

Oh little Christ, why do you moan,
What is it that you see
In mourning France, in martyred France,
And her great agony?
Does she recall your own dark day,
Your own Gethsemane?

Oh little Christ, why do you weep,
Why flow your tears so sore
For pleading France, for praying France,
A suppliant at God's door?
"God sweetened not my cup," you say,
"Shall He for France do more?"

Oh little Christ, what can this mean,
Why must this horror be
For fainting France, for faithful France,
And her sweet chivalry?
"I bled to free all men," you say,
"France bleeds to keep men free."

Oh little, lovely Christ — you smile!
What guerdon is in store
For gallant France, for glorious France,
And all her valiant corps?
"Behold I live, and France, like me,
Shall live for evermore."

The Independent

Jessie Fauset

FRONT LINE

Standing on the fire-step,
Harking into the dark,
The black was filled with figures
His comrade could not mark.
Because it was softly snowing
Because it was Christmastide,
He saw three figures passing
Glittering in their pride.

One rode a cream-white camel,
One was a blackamoor,
One a bearded Persian;
They all rode up to the door.
They all rode up to the stable-door,
Dismounted, and bent the knee.
The door flamed open like a rose,
But more he could not see.

Standing on the fire-step
In softly falling snow,
It came to him — the carol —
Out of the long ago.
He heard the glorious organ
Fill transept, loft, and nave.
He faintly heard the pulpit words,
“Himself he could not save.”

And all the wires in no-man's-land
Seemed thrummed by ghostly thumbs;
There woke then such a harping
As when a hero comes,
As when a hero homeward comes —
And then his thought was back:

He leaned against the parapet
And peered into the black.

The Century Magazine

William Rose Benét

APRIL ON THE BATTLEFIELDS

April now walks the fields again,
Trailing her tearful leaves
And holding all her frightened buds against her heart:
Wrapt in her clouds and mists,
She walks,
Groping her way among the graves of men.

The green of earth is differently green,
A dreadful knowledge trembles in the grass,
And little wide-eyed flowers die too soon:
There is a stillness here —
After a terror of all raving sounds —
And birds sit close for comfort upon the boughs
Of broken trees.

April, thou grief!
What of thy sun and glad, high wind,
Thy valiant hills and woods and eager brooks,
Thy thousand-petalled hopes?
The sky forbids thee sorrow, April!
And yet —
I see thee walking listlessly
Across those scars that once were joyous sod,
Those graves,
Those stepping-stones from life to life.

Death is an interruption between two heart-beats,
That I know —

Yet know not how I know —
But April mourns,
Trailing her tender green,
The passion of her green,
Across the passion of those fearful fields.

Yes, all the fields!
No barrier here,
No challenge in the night,
No stranger-land;
She passes with her perfect countersign,
Her green;
She wanders in her mournful garden,
Dropping her buds like tears,
Spreading her lovely grief upon the graves of men.

Contemporary Verse

Leonora Speyer

THE CORNUCOPIA OF RED AND GREEN COMFITS

“In the town of Bar-le-Duc in the Province of the Meuse in France the Prefect has issued instructions to the Mayor, the schoolmasters and the schoolmistresses to prevent the children under their care from eating candies which may be dropped from German aeroplanes, as candies which were similarly scattered in other parts of the war zone have been found to contain poison and disease germs.”—Daily News Report.

Currants and Honey!
Currants and Honey!
Bar-le-Duc in times of peace.
Linden-tassel honey.
Cherry-blossom, poppy-sweet honey,
And round red currants like grape clusters,
Red and yellow globes, lusted like stretched umbrella
silk,
Money clinking in town pockets,

Louis d'or in exchange for dockets of lading:
So many jars,
So many bushes shorn of their stars,
So many honey-combs lifted from the hive-bars.
Straw-pale honey and amber berries,
Red-stained honey and currant cherries.
Sweetness flowing out of Bar-le-Duc by every train,
It rains prosperity in Bar-le-Duc in times of peace.
Holy Jesus! when will there be mercy, when a ceasing
Of War!
The currant bushes are lopped and burned,
The bees have flown and never returned,
The children of Bar-le-Duc eat no more honey,
And all the money in the town will not buy
Enough lumps of sugar for a family.
Father has two between sun and sun,
So has mother, and little Jeanne, one,
But Gaston and Marie — they have none.
Two little children kneeling between the grape-vines,
Praying to the starry virgin,
They have seen her in church, shining out of a high
window
In a currant-red gown and a crown as smooth as honey.
They clasp their hands and pray,
And the sun shines brightly on them through the
stripped Autumn vines.

Days and days pass slowly by,
Still they measure sugar in the grocery,
Lump and lump, and always none
For Gaston and Marie,
And for little Jeanne, one.
But listen, Children. Over there,
In blue, peaked Germany, the fairies are.
Witches who live in pine-tree glades,

Gnomes deep in mines, with pickaxes and spades.
Fairies who dance upon round grass rings,
And a Rhine-river where a *Lorelei* sings.
The kind German fairies know of your prayer,
They caught it as it went through the air.
Hush, Children! Christmas is coming.
Christmas, and fairies, and cornucopias of sugar-plums!

Hollow thunder over the Hartz mountains.
Hollow thunder over the Black Forest.
Hollow thunder over the Rhine.
Hollow thunder over "Unter den Linden."
Thunder kettles,
Swung above green lightning fires,
Forked and spired lightning
Cooking candy.
Bubble, froth, stew!
Stir, old women;
Stir, Generals and spur-heeled young officers;
Stir, misshapen Kaiser,
And shake the steam from your up-turned moustachios.
Streaked and polished candy you make here,
With hot sugar and — other things;
Strange powders and liquids
Dropped out of little flasks,
Drop —
Drop —
Into the bubbling sugar,
And all Germany laughs.
For years the people have eaten the currants and honey
of Bar-le-Duc,
Now they will give back sweetness for sweetness.
Ha! Ha! Ha! from Posen to Munich.
Ha! Ha! Ha! in Schleswig-Holstein.
Ha! Ha! Ha! flowing along with the Rhine waves.

Ha! Ha! Ha! echoing round the caves of Rügen.
Germany splits its sides with laughing,
And sets out its candles for the coming of the Christ-child.

“Heilige Nacht!” and great white birds flying over
Germany.

Are the storks returning in mid-Winter?

“Heilige Nacht!” the tree is lit and the gifts are
ready.

Steady, great birds, you have flown past Germany,
And are hanging over Bar-le-Duc, in France.

The moon is bright,

The moon is clear,

Come, little Children, the fairies are here.

The good German fairies who heard your prayer.

See them floating in the star-pricked air.

The cornucopias shake on the tree,

And the star-lamps glitter brilliantly.

A shower of comfits, a shower of balls,

Peppermint, chocolate, *marzipan* falls.

Red and white spirals glint in the moon.

Soon the fairies answered you —

Soon!

Soon!

Bright are the red and white streaked candies in the
moonlight:

White corpse fingers pointing to the sky,

Round blood-drops glistening like rubies.

Fairyland come true:

Just pick and pick and suck, and chew.

Sugar and sweetness at last,

Shiny stuff of joy to be had for the gathering.

The blood-drops melt on the tongue,

The corpse fingers splinter and crumble.

Weep white tears, Moon.
Soon! So soon!

Something rattles behind a hedge,
Rattles — rattles.
An old skeleton is sitting on its thighbones
And holding its giggling sides.
Ha! Ha! Ha!
Bar-le-Duc had currants red,
Now she has instead her dead.
Little children, sweet as honey,
Bright as currants,
Like berries snapped off and packed in coffins.
The skeleton dances,
Dances in the moonlight,
And his fingers crack like castanets

In blue, peaked Germany
The cooks wear iron crosses,
And the scullery maids trip to church
In new ribbons sent from Potsdam.

The Independent

Amy Lowell

ON THE WAY OF THE CROSS

[Moscow, 1915]

On the way of the cross we were comrades.
There was weariness passing all words, there was
hunger and thirst,
There was sickness of body and mind, there was cold,
there was sorrow,
And the dead hurried into the ground with no time for
their prayers,—
But we buried them close to the road, as the others
had done

Who had gone on before us. We prayed for their
dead as we passed,
As we knew that the ones coming after would pray for
our dead.
On the way of the cross we were comrades.
We thought we had suffered all pain that the world
has to give,
But here in the city, with shelter and comfort and
rest,
Is a pain that was not on the road. There is loneli-
ness here.
We could not have trusted our graves to the prayers
of the city.
Here we are mouths for the bread that already is
scant —
On the way of the cross we were comrades.

How often, our Father in Heaven, must we learn and
forget?
On the way of the cross we are comrades.
But when we are safe in the city, the vision grows
dim,
Hand slips from hand, and the hearts that were quick
with Your fire
Grow clinkered and dull. You have seen it so often
— and yet
Why is Your patience not weary? Because You are
God
Are You sure there is coming a day (is it ours? is it
ours?)
When the streets of the City shall be as the Way of
the Cross,
And Your children forever be comrades?

The Bellman

Amelia Josephine Burr

BLUE ROSES

I sit beside the window sill
And watch my hands lie, palm up, on my knee
As if they had no will to stir — watch them until
They are become no part of me,
Strange, alien hands I know not. On and on
The thick air beats in rhythms, measuring
One minute gone, one — minute gone, one — minute
— gone,
Of time that yet moves not, nor will,
Until its pulse is maddening
And I start up and shake the lethargy
Off of my shoulders, shrug
My weakness from me like a close, grey shawl,
Travel the floor, setting my feet mechanically
Between the round, blue roses on the rug . . .
There are blue roses, too, upon the wall —
Thin, flat, blue roses . . .

My thoughts are like those roses on the wall,
They make a blue design
Unstirred
By any wind of speech —
A bright, hard scrawl
Of dizzy leaves and dizzy flowers that twine
And writhe, sunblurred,
And each
Repeating endlessly flat bud and vine
And twisting line
Unto that biggest, bluest splash of all —
An aimless, changeless scrawl
Of thin, blue roses . . .

“ Hot fighting at the front. English retreat.”
The paper lay across his knee,

The headlines blared across the sheet.
" Hot fighting at the front. English retreat."
He looked at me
With the old grim, grey look
I thought my fears had conquered
And the room
Went suddenly most strange.
The lamplight made a sickly gloom
Over the rug's gay garden plot.
The table and the old comradely chairs
Whose every scar and spot
I knew, mocked me with change
Like words that rearrange
Themselves in hideous new meanings.
And I went upstairs
Where, in the chest, were laid
Wee, half-sewn garments never worn,
(He for whom they were made
Coming to us still-born.)

God! if the day were not so still.
Noon lies a dead weight in the room.
The open casement sucks a dull perfume
Across the sill
As dry earth sucks the sun.
All sounds but one
Are smothered out in heat and glare,
But by the dust-brown hedge
I hear the dry grasshopper's buzz-saw tear
The thick-knit air
Beyond the window ledge.
Blasted by too much light,
The withered garden aches along my sight
Until all forms and sounds become a pain
And drive my senses back
To weave their devious old track

Again
Round and around those blue wall-paper roses.

They become
A thousand faces —
Blue, evil, little faces,
Smirking and sneering at me from their places
While I sit dumb,
“ You lied! You lied! ”
And then again,
“ You lied! ”

“ What do you stitch? ” he said.
I answered, “ Nothing,” and
I made as if to hide
What my bright thread
Was fashioning underneath my hand.
But I knew he would see
The little, telltale sleeve,
Take it, man-clumsily,
Look at me
And believe —

I heard the lamp purr, and a droning fly.
A hot, swift fear
Snatched at the minutes that were hours,
And when he answered I could hear
My youth go by —
Turn from the room
And pass out through the garden, down the walks
Bordered by red begonia and pale stalks
Of touch-me-nots and gilly flowers
And white syringa bloom —
So into silence.

The baby dress still clung
To his big hand. “ Shall our son call

Me coward, then?" was all
He said, and I made no reply
For all words turned to sand upon my tongue.

And so I sit here with my lie
Beside me, and I watch blue roses crawl
Across a wall.

The Dial

Eloise Robinson

THE MEETING

(One of the tragic figures of the war is the "canary," the name used in the English munition works for the women whose work with picric acid has produced a disease of the mucous membranes which turns the skin an even dull yellow. To present knowledge the condition is incurable.)

She was a blossoming slip of English May,
All white and rosy, when he went away,
Her soldier who is coming back today —
The girl whose beauty in that hell afar
Lighted his homesick dreamings like a star.
The front is not where all the battles are.
In the munition works, it came her turn
To take a place among the fumes that burn
Roses and white alike to yellow clay.
She went without complaint — only the tears
Fell softly for the long unlovely years
Over the flush he would not see again.
And now she waits in anguish for the train,
For though his love upon a rock be set
She knows that she will see — and not forget —
The pitiful horror of his first surprise.
He, wounded, weary, seeking healing joy
And finding . . . this. And now she sees her boy
Far down the platform — coming — but how
slowly —

And now her fears, herself, forgotten wholly
She runs, she clings to him. Those darkened eyes
See nothing but the pictures memory shows.
He holds her fast — “ My rose! my little rose. . . .”

The Bellman

Amelia Josephine Burr

A CASUALTY LIST

There was always waiting in our mother's eyes,
Anxiety and wonder and surmise,
Through the long day and in the longer, slow,
Still afternoons, that seemed to never go,
And in the evenings, when she used to sit
And listen to our casual talk and knit.
And when the day was dark and rainy, and
Not fit to be abroad in, she would stand
Beside the window and peer out and shiver,
As small, sleek raindrops joined to make a river
That rushed, tempestuous, down the window-pane,
And say: “ I wonder what they do in rain?
Is it wet there in the trenches, do you think? ”
And she would wonder if he had his ink
And razor-blades and tooth-paste that she sent;
And if he read much in his Testament,
Or clean forgot, some mornings, as boys will.
But always the one wonder in her eyes
Was: “ Is he living, living, living, still
Alive and gay? Or lying dead somewhere
Out on the ground, and will they find him there? ”
She closed her lids each night upon that look
Of waiting, as a hand might close a book,
But never change the words that were within
And when the morning noises would begin
A new day, and a young sun touched the skies,

Again she woke with waiting in her eyes.
But that is over now. She does not read
The lists of casualties since that one came
A week or two ago. There is no need.
She's making sweaters now for other men,
And knitting just as carefully as then.
There is no change except that as she plies
Her needles, swift and rhythmic as before,
There is no waiting in our mother's eyes,
Anxiety or wonder any more.

The Century Magazine *Mary Carolyn Davies*

TO A SCHOOLMATE — KILLED IN ACTION

Gordan Rand, we saw you last
On a baseball field at play: —
Now the word is swiftly passed,
“Gordan died in France to-day!”

Gordan Rand, the boy we knew
Vanished when that message came: —
We shall always think of you
As a torch of living flame.

Ere our first few hundreds fell
It was your proud lot to fall
Underneath a German shell
In the vanguard of us all.

Gordan Rand, the men who die
As the pledge of hosts to come
Are a trumpet in the sky
And an ever-sounding drum.

We who still must wait and pray
For one chance to serve our land
Know what drum and trumpet say —
We salute you,— Gordan Rand!

The Outlook:

Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer

THE PARTING

Muse, we have rhymed of Liberty,
Have damned the Germans, cheered for France,
Exalted Belgium's constancy —
Bowed to the times and circumstance:
But have we given of our best?
Have we not drawn from brackish springs
Dead water? Have we stood the test,
The test that Life, Life only, brings?
Reflected from her eyes, they fade,
Those rhymes of ours; they thin and are
As if they never had been made.
— Poor Muse! and must the blight of war
Destroy in us the seeds of song.
Leave us no hope for flower or fruit?
Must all that touches war go wrong,
Leaf-withered, blasted at the root?
Not all. But, Muse of mine, our hearts
Have not the mighty pulse that shakes
The soul of nations. Song departs
From us, when all we sang of breaks
From all we hoped for — peace on earth,
Good will to men of kindly will,
Beauty. . . . But what is beauty worth
In a crazed world where man must kill
Man, to make Truth come true? Poor Muse,
Bewildered Muse of mine, farewell!

Find thou some Heaven apart! I choose
To labor, not to sing, in Hell.

The Yale Review

Lee Wilson Dodd

MASQUERADES

FOR BELGIUM

For Belgium
And for Serbia,
For Turkey and
For Armenia,
And now for Russia,
The Kaiser
Thanks his God.
But when the day comes,
Not Der Tag
But the day
Of England and of America
And of all their Allies,
He will have sore need
To pray to his God
To save him
And his German people
From the overwhelming wrath to come.

THUS SPAKE THE PROPHET ISAIAH

In this
Enlightened time
When a new commandment,
Thou shalt not drink,
Is to be thrust upon us,
Why not turn back
The pages of time

And in Holy Scripture
Read these words?
"In that day sing ye unto her,
A vineyard of red wine.
I the Lord do keep it,
I will water it every moment:
Lest any hurt it.
I will keep it night and day."
Thus spake
The prophet Isaiah.

The Boston Transcript *Edwin Francis Edgett*

FATHER O'SHEA

Father O'Shea was his regiment's pride.
Sturdy, fine sons of the emerald sod,
Like heroes they fought and like children they died
With their Padre beside them to help them to God.
Four times court-martialed for risking his life
In No Man's Land, seeking his lost where they lay.
"They are my sons as the Church is my wife,
And I never will fail them," said Father O'Shea.

They were called for their turn in the terrible drive,
And the Padre went up with his boys to the town
Where host upon host passed their last night alive —
Ah, the few that came back where the many went
down!
He had looked in those simple young hearts to the
deep,
He had shriven their souls for the perilous way.
"It's clean wheat for heaven the Berthas will reap
In the battle to-morrow," said Father O'Shea.

But the blood will run hot when it soon may be cold,
And life's lure is stronger with death just ahead.
There were women with eyes that were shallow and
bold

In the quarter inclosed, where a narrow gate led
To the chambers a man need not visit by stealth,
That stood open shameless to all who could pay.
The authorities gave them a clean bill of health,
But they never could get one from Father O'Shea.

That night, every Irishman bound for that gate
Stopped at salute — there was no room to pass
The figure that sat there as steady as fate
With a quizzical glitter of spectacle glass.
He shut for a marker his thumb in the book.
“Is it me that ye want, son?” he glanced up to say.
They all turned abashed from the probe of that look,
And back to his reading went Father O'Shea.

The shadows of sleeplessness circled his eyes
When at morning he heartened his lads for the test,
But through a worse danger he'd guarded his prize,
And in the tired body his heart was at rest.
If I had a son where the red rivers roll,
With every breath of my lips I would pray,
“God save him, God keep him in body and soul —
And send him a Padre like Father O'Shea!”

The Outlook

Amelia Josephine Burr

'IS MISSUS

Joe 'e is a hero, a-wearin' of his cross,
But when 'e is in Lunnon, his missus is his boss.
'E went into the army, 'cause she threw him out o'
home.

She 'it him with a broomstick an' told him "Go an' roam."

An' now, 'e's been a-roamin', a-fightin' o' the Dutch,
But the fightin' 'e's been doing don't amount to much!
'E's a-struttin' up the walk, a-swingin' of his stick,
An' in a 'arf an hour, 'e'll be scrubbin' o' the brick.

The king, he takes 'im by the paw an' shows 'im to
the queen,
An' now 'e's out upon 'is yard, a weedin' o' the green,
'Is missus sits upon the steps, a-lookin' at 'is cross,
The king 'e is a ruler, but 'is missus is 'is boss!

'E's a bustin' o' the stovepipe, an' washin' o' the floor
While 'is missus sits afore 'im so's he can't get out the
door.
'E's out upon 'is furlough, "Takin' o' his rest!"
But 'is missus says for workin', and workin' is the
best.

The king, 'e is a ruler, the queen she is his wife,
The general's a rubber doll wot's sudden come to life.
A 'ero is a 'ero, a-wearin' of 'is cross,
But you'll find a hero's missus allus is 'is boss!

The Boston Transcript *Gordon M. Hillman*

"AGAINST MY SECOND COMING . . ."

I

"Against my second coming,"
Christ the Lord hath said,
"Provide with driven thunder
The nations for my bed,

Make plain the path, before me
With lightning from the skies
When unbelief shall open
And all the dead arise.

II

“ With patience beyond wisdom
And knowledge beyond grace
I have prepared my peoples
At last to bear my face;
By many intimations
The final truth is known,
And all the lone discover
They never were alone.

III

“ Against my second coming,”
The good Lord Jesus saith,
“ Ten million young men lightly
Shall charge the gates of death,
Until, grown still with wonder,
They know how far they came
Through many habitations
Eternally the same.

IV

“ Behold, I knit the nations
With instant words of light,
And on the clouds of heaven
My wingèd feet are bright;
Beneath the seas I smite them,
And through the mountain's core
The splendor of my coursers
Escapes the granite door.

V

"The shining page my hillside,
 I need no special sea,
 For fishing-boats are paper,
 And oceans, Galilee.
 I walk no more among you
 On brown and lovely feet,
 But yet my hand is on you,
 And still my lips are sweet.

VI

"My perfect consummation
 Ye cannot put aside,
 I am the living Jesus
 Who will not be denied;
 The moment of your anguish,
 When all seemed dead but death,
 I drew you to my bosom," . . .
 The good Lord Jesus saith.

The Outlook

Willard Wattles

THE ONE THING

I am filled of compassion.
 Lo, would I bend down,
 Succoring, lending of my love,
 Enough to fashion cloaks
 For them I see.

With the smile of mercy
 I know the dealing of wrath
 Is undone. What I have
 Looked upon is writ upon
 My heart. I ask me not why,
 For I understand. I would not

Undo the day with the reasoning
Of wisdom. Rather would I
Listen unto God, whose wisdom
Ne'er shouteth, but whispereth.

I would pluck no new thing
To balm the earth; for I know
There is but one shadow
In which to rest, but one smile
Whose light may warm the chill
That sets the day.
Oh, I am a fellow with my Brother,
And my Father is nigh.

Patience Worth's Magazine

Patience Worth

THE YOUNG PRIEST TO HIS HANDS

Time was when ye were powerless,
To shrive and sign, anoint and bless.
Clasped, ye worshipped from afar,
That Host, as distant as a star.
Your palms were barren still, and cold,
Ye might not touch, ye might not hold,
God, Whom the signs of bread enfold.

But now, ah, now, most happy hands,
Ye fold the Saviour's swaddling bands,
Ye lift His tender limbs and keep.
The snowy bed where He doth sleep.
His heart, His blood, His being fair.
All God and Man is in your care!
Ye are His guardians everywhere.

Ye pour the wine, ye break the bread,
For the great Supper, sweet and dread!

Ye dress the rood of sacrifice,
Whereon the morning Victim lies,
And when my trembling accent calls,
Swift leaping from His Heaven's walls,
On you the Light of Glory falls!

You are the altar, where I see
The Lamb that bled on Calvary,
As sacred as the chalice shrine,
Wherein doth glow the Blood divine.
As sacred as the pyx are ye,
Oh happy hands — an angel's fee!
That clasp the Lord of Majesty!

Edward F. Garesché, S.J.

The Catholic World

THE REVEALER

Time was I saw Christ's body
And could not understand
The thorn-crowned head, the bleeding feet,
The nail that pierced each hand.

But Life came and then I knew:
Oh, blood from God's opened side,
I know and shall forever know
How Love is crucified.

The Catholic World

Caroline Giltinan

SACRIFICE

Sing not to me of earthly power,
For winds make sport of the dust of kings;

In many an immemorial hour,
Men fought and bled for trivial things.
Sing me the prayer that lifts from some white heart,
As Earth's immortal part.

For deeds that live to gain reward,
And dreams that barter Love for Fame:
These all shall die as with a sword,
And be forever linked with shame.
The great white visions born of pain and death,
These have eternal breath.

And as a comet sweeps the sky,
To reappear through cycling years,
So shall Love's deeds supreme and high
Enkindle hope again from tears.
Sing me Love's utter sacrifice and loss —
Christ's death upon the Cross.

The Magnificat

J. Corson Miller

TO MY FAVORITE AUTHOR

Dear God,
Herewith a book do I inscribe and send
To Thee Who art both its Beginning and its End;
A volume odd,
Bound in some brief, allotted years,
And writ in blood and tears;
Fragments, of which Thou art the perfect, whole
Book of my soul.

Break Thou the sealing clod
And read me, God!

The Catholic World

S. M. M.

HOW SAMSON BORE AWAY THE GATES OF GAZA

A NEGRO SERMON

Once, in a night as black as ink,
She drove him out when he would not drink.
Round the house there were men in wait
Asleep in rows by the Gaza gate.
But the Holy Spirit was in this man.
Like a gentle wind he crept and ran.
("It is midnight," said the big town clock.)

He lifted the gates up, post and lock.
The hole in the wall was high and wide
When he bore away old Gaza's pride
Into the deep of the night:
The bold Jack-Johnson Israelite —
Samson, the Judge, the Nazarite.

The air was black, like the smoke of a dragon.
Samson's heart was as big as a wagon.
He sang like a shining golden fountain;
He sweatcd up to the top of the mountain.
He threw down the gates with a noise like judgment.
And the quails all ran with the big arousement.

But he wept: "I must not love tough queens,
And spend on them my hard-earned means.
I told that girl I would drink no more.
Therefore she drove me from her door.
Oh, sorrow,
Sorrow,
I cannot hide!
O Lord, look down from your chariot side!
You made me Judge, and I am not wise;
I am weak as a sheep for all my size."

*Let Samson
Be coming
Into your mind.*

The moon shone out, the stars were gay —
He saw the foxes run and play.
He rent his garments, he rolled around
In deep repentance on the ground.

Then he felt a honey in his soul;
Grace abounding made him whole.
Then he saw the Lord in a chariot blue.
The gorgeous stallions whinnied and flew;
The iron wheels hummed an old hymn-tune
And crunched in thunder over the moon.
And Samson shouted to the sky:
“My Lord, my Lord is riding high.”
Like a steed, he pawed the gates with his hoof;
He rattled the gates like rocks on the roof,
And danced in the night
On the mountain-top;
Danced in the deep of the night —
The Judge, the holy Nazarite,
Whom ropes and chains could never bind.

*Let Samson
Be coming
Into your mind.*

Whirling his arms, like a top he sped;
His long black hair flew around his head
Like an outstretched net of silky cord,
Like a wheel of the chariot of the Lord.

*Let Samson
Be coming
Into your mind.*

Samson saw the sun anew.
He left the gates in the grass and dew.
He went to a county-seat a-nigh,
Found a harlot proud and high,
Philistine that no man could tame -
Delilah was her lady-name.
Oh, sorrow,
Sorrow —
She was too wise!
She cut off his hair,
She put out his eyes.

*Let Samson
Be coming
Into your mind.*

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse Vachel Lindsay

EXIT GOD

Of old our fathers' God was real,
Something they almost saw,
Which kept them to a stern ideal
And scourged them into awe.

They walked the narrow path of right
Most vigilantly well,
Because they feared eternal night
And boiling depths of Hell.

Now Hell has wholly boiled away
And God become a shade.
There is no place for him to stay
In all the world he made.

The followers of William James
Still let the Lord exist,
And call him by imposing names,
A venerable list.

But nerve and muscle only count,
Gray matter of the brain,
And an astonishing amount
Of inconvenient pain.

I sometimes wish that God were back
In this dark world and wide;
For though some virtues he might lack,
He had his pleasant side.

Contemporary Verse

Gamaliel Bradford

HOW I WALKED ALONE IN THE JUNGLES OF HEAVEN

Oh, once I walked in Heaven, all alone
Upon the sacred cliffs above the sky.
God and the angels, and the gleaming saints
Had journeyed out into the stars to die.

They had gone forth to win far citizens,
Bought at great price, bring happiness for all:
By such a harvest made a holier town
And put new life within old Zion's wall.

Each chose a far-off planet for his home,
Speaking of love and mercy, truth and right,
Enviied and cursed, thorn-crowned and scourged in
time,
Each tasted death on his appointed night.

Then resurrection day from sphere to sphere
Sped on, with all the POWERS arisen again,
While with them came in clouds recruited hosts
Of sun-born strangers and of earth-born men.

And on that day gray prophet saints went down
And poured atoning blood upon the deep,
Till every warrior of old Hell flew free
And all the torture fires were laid asleep.

And Hell's lost company I saw return
Clear-eyed, with plumes of white, the demons bold
Climbed with the angels now on Jacob's stair,
And built a better Zion than the old.

.
And yet I walked alone on azure cliffs
A lifetime long, and loved each untrimmed vine:
The rotted harps, the swords of rusted gold
The jungles of all Heaven then were mine.

O mesas and throne-mountains that I found!
O strange and shaking thoughts that touched me
there,
Ere I beheld the bright returning wings
That came to spoil my secret, silent lair!

The New Republic

Vachel Lindsay

THE PLOUGHMAN

God will not let my field lie fallow.

The ploughshare is sharp, the feet of his oxen are
heavy;
They hurt.

But I cannot stay God from His ploughing,
I, the lord of the field.
While I stand waiting,
His shoulders loom upon me from the mist,
He has gone past me down the furrow, shouting a
song.

(I had said, it shall rest for a season.
The larks had built in the grass . . .)

He will not let my field lie fallow.

The Yale Review

Karle Wilson Baker

EXILE FROM GOD

I do not fear to lay my body down
In death, to share
The life of the dark earth and lose my own,
If God is there.

I have so loved all sense of Him, sweet might
Of color and sound,—
His tangible loveliness and living light
That robes me 'round.

If to His heart in the hushed grave and dim
We sink more near,
It shall be well — living we rest in Him.
Only I fear

Lest from my God in lonely death I lapse,
And the dumb clod
Lose Him, for God is life, and death, perhaps,
Exile from God.

Reedy's Mirror

John Hall Wheelock

THE SHADOW LAND

Sunlight dancing, and the Earth
Is stalked of shadows.
Night hangs, and the shadows
Possess Earth.
Yet at morning, where go the old shadows?
And at evening where do the new ones tarry?
Oh, ye hosts of shadows,
Where thy land?

Sunlight cometh, and man
Stalketh the Earth, and at eve
He lieth down amid the shadows,
Fellowing with them. He waketh
Unto new light, but wearieth
For the shadows.
Oh, shadows, where is thy land?

You shadow, you were the shade
Of a leaf, and the leaf is gone.
Even so are you.
Man hath gone, and his shadow
Accompanied him.
Where to?

Man was; even so the leaf
And the shadows; then they
May not be finished.

Patience Worth's Magazine

Patience Worth

THINGS OF CLAY

Sing a little, play a little,
Laugh a little; for
Life is so extremely brittle,
Who would think of more?

Every long-laid project shatters,
Framed by things of clay:
He who knows that nothing matters
Smiles and slips away.

Contemporary Verse

Gamaliel Bradford

SONG

Poppies paramour the girls,
Lilies put the boys to bed —
Death not other is than this
After everything is said.

They are safe, and shall not fade,
After everything is done,
Pass the solace of the shade
Or the rescue of the sun.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Haniel Long

THE YOUNG DEAD

These who were born so beautifully
Of straight-limbed men and white-browed, candid
wives,
Now have walked out beyond where we can see;
Are full-grown men, with spent and splendid lives:
And these that only a little while ago
Without our help would stumble in steep places,
Need never our hands, stride proudly on, and so
Come to a dawn of great, unknown spaces.

O lithe young limbs and radiant, grave young eyes,
Now have you taught us beauty cannot fade;

This summer finds a rounding of the skies,
And all the summer night is overlaid
With calm, a strength, a loveliness, a lending
Of grace that will not go, that has no ending.
.

And I had planned a future filled with bright
Upstanding days that found and held the sun
Even where shadows are. When these were done,
Sleep, with a heart made curiously light . . .
I dreamed so much . . . as all men dream at night . . .
Of tasks, and the fine heat of them, the cool
That comes by dusk like color on a pool:
Now this is over and new things begun.

Now this is over, and my dreams are caught
Up in a great cloud terrible and unsought,
And all my hours, so straightly marked before,
Are blown and broken by the wind of war;
I only know there is no time for reaping;
The trumpets care so little for my sleeping.
.

After great labor comes great calm, great rest,
The wonder of contentment, and surcease,
And once again we feel the wind and see
A flower stirred, or hear, amidst the peace,
The inarticulate music of the bee:
Taste sweetness where sweat was, and, what is best,
Behind the veil that hangs across our sight,
One moment know the changelessness of light.

And so I have no pity for the dead,
They have gone out, gone out with flame and song,
A sudden shining glory round them spread;
Their drooping hands raised up again and strong;
Only I sorrow that a man must die
To find the unending beauty of the sky.

Scribner's Magazine *Maxwell Struthers Burt*

TO H. M.: IN MEMORIAM

The blue wistaria hovers 'round her door
To whisper soft the message of the spring
And seems to sigh, "Where is she wandering
While April skies the new-born earth bend o'er
With dewy eyes, e'en as young mothers pore
On dreamy babes, lulled by the murmuring
Of circling angels on unwearied wing?"
Ah, droop sweet blooms! she will return no more,
No more, no more: fall petals like quick tears!
Rain perfumed sorrow where her shadow passed!
Ye may not rise where her pure spirit rose,
Where spring undying smiles through endless
years —
Peace, peace, we know in all God's garden, vast,
No saintlier soul, no lovelier flower blows.

Henry A. Sampson

Richmond Evening Journal

DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

They say that dead men tell no tales!

Except of barges with red sails
And sailors mad for nightingales;

Except of jongleurs' stretched at ease
Beside old highways through the trees;

Except of dying moons that break
The hearts of lads who lie awake;

Except of fortresses in shade,
And heroes crumbled and betrayed.

But dead men tell no tales, they say!

Except old tales that burn away
The stifling tapestries of day:

Old tales of life, of love and hate,
Of time and space, and will, and fate.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Haniel Long

THRENODY

I never have known anyone so proud,
So fierce for faith, so strong for nobleness.
I never heard you whine nor cry distress,
Nor saw you kneel nor knew your bright head bowed.
Dreams, Love and Laughter were a swift, white crowd
Of wings flashed upward from your loveliness —
You carried Truth, wore Honor as a dress,
And wound yourself in Beauty like a cloud.

Surely this is not you who lies so low,
Smitten as others, yielding as they must
With abject hands and smooth, submissive head —
All fire and glory crumpled by one blow,
Bewildered and beaten and brought to dust,
This is not you, oh pitiful and dead!

The North American Review

Winifred Welles

IN A BURYING GROUND

This is the spot where I will lie
When life has had enough of me,
These are the grasses that will blow
Above me like a living sea.

These gay old lilies will not shrink
To draw their life from death of mine,
And I will give my body's fire
To make blue flowers on this vine.

"O soul," I cried, "have you no tears,
Was not the body dear to you?"
I heard my soul say carelessly,
"The myrtle-flowers will grow more blue."

The Bellman

Sara Teasdale

SWEET HATH HUNG THE EVE

Sweet hath hung the eve.
The clustered leaf a-hangeth dewed.
I set me 'pon the path o' even's hours,
A-search o' strands that I do set aweave.
The tasselled youth-bush sheweth
Like unto a traced wonder-work,
A-silvered o'er o' white eve's breath.
And do I stop me here? Ah, nay.

I set me 'pon the morn's first break
When still the purple hangeth
'Neath the mornin's wings,
When sweets ahang them 'pon the field's a-wetted sod,
And, jewelled o'er, the webs a-spread the ruts.
And do I stop me here? Ah, nay.

I step me 'pon the noon-tide's heights,
When gold doth splash the garish earth,
When heats hang close and dry the mornin's breath,
When silvered stars have fled and moon ahid,
And earth hath wearied much.
And do I stop me here? Ah, nay.

I step me on the night's tides' way,
When dark a-robcs his glories o'er,
When eve's awearied breeze,
Doth hang a-heavied o'er the Earth men's prayers,
When babes a-rove the rosed lands afar man calleth
dreams.
And do I stop me here? Nay.

Of all there be nay strand
That sheweth fair unto this hand
That I do set aweave.
For lo, would I to set this song a-riched o' love,
And man hath all that sheweth to his see,
And what man hath a-holdeth naughts unto His will.
For lo, man doth to take of all He offereth,
And speak him naughts as thank song unto Him
And fill him up and take and take,
And lo, doth e'en forget to turn
One glance unto the Sender o' the store.
Naught o' this do I to seek to weave.
Ah, nay; of tatters shall I weave.
Not of Earth's days but o' days a-bedded in this heart;
Not o' Earth's morns, but morns a-bedded here.
For lo, he who knoweth Him
A-needed not that he see His works,
But knoweth, deep, deep athin,
The noons, the nights, the morns, the eves
Are His! Of tatters do I weave.
Of this pure hath she wove a cloth,

And this would I to weave
Athin this song — to Him.

Patience Worth's Magazine *Patience Worth*

MOON-WORSHIP

I hear them singing in the open spaces
The old, old rites, the music of the moon;
The rougher and the sweeter voices blending
To lift the joyous tune.

I see them dancing in the open spaces
As moonlit nights grow long;
Clasped hands and circling steps and charmed faces,
And witchery of song.

A harmony of hearts to rule the singing
As loud and low they croon;
I see them dancing in the open spaces
The worship of the moon.

Edwin Ford Piper

The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West

FANTASY

A bird ran up the onyx steps of night,
Seeking the moon upon her silver throne;
But insolent stars confused him with their light
And left him in the friendless skies, alone.

He watched the winds, disheveled and awry,
Hurling the clouds, like pillows from their beds;
He saw the mountain peaks that nudged the sky,
Take off the wreaths of sunset from their heads.

He heard the storms, a troupe of headstrong boys,
 Locked up as punishment for petulant tears,
Beat on the ebony doors with such a noise,
 That all the angels had to hold their ears.

Frightened, he left the halls of thundering sound
 For a less dazzling height, a lowlier dream;
And, perching on a watery bough, he found
 The moon, her white laugh rippling from the
 stream.

The Bellman

Louis Untermeyer

THE FLOCK AT EVENING

Down from the rocky western steep
 Where now the sunset crumbles low
The shepherd draws his sun-drowsed sheep
 Ringed in a rosy glow;
Along the dusty leaf-hung lane,
Now blurred in shade, now bright again,
They trail in splendour, aureoled
And mystical in clouded gold.

As insubstantial as a dream
 They huddle homeward by my door,—
From what Theocritean stream
 Or what Thessalian shore?
What ancient air surrounds them still,
As though from some Arcadian hill
They shuffled through the afterglow
Across the fields of long ago?

Is this the flock that Bion kept
 From straying by his reed-soft tunes
While the long ilex shadow crept

Through ancient afternoons?
In some still Arethusan wood,
Ages ago, have they not stood
Wondering, circle-wise and mute,
Round some remote Sicilian flute?

I think that they have gazed across
The dazzle of Ionian seas
From the green capes of Tenedos
Or sea-washed Cyclades,
And loitered through the twilight down
The hills that gird some Attic town
Still shining in the early gloam
Beside the murmur of the foam.

What dream is this? I know the croft,
Deep in this dale, where they were born;
I know their wind-swept hills aloft
Among the rustling corn;
Yet while they glimmer slowly by
A younger earth, a fairer sky
Seem round them and they move sublime
Among the dews of dawning time.

The Bookman

Odell Shepard

STAR SONG

There are twisted roots that grow
Even from a fragile white anemone.
But a star has no roots; to and fro
It floats in the light of the sky, like a water-lily,
And fades on the blue flood of day.

A star has no roots to hold it,
No living lonely entity to lose.

Floods of dim radiance fold it;
Night and day their silent aura transfuse;
But no change a star can bruise.

A star is adrift and free.
When day comes, it floats into space and complies;
Like a spirit quietly,
Like a spirit, amazed in a wider paradise
At mortal tears and sighs.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse Gladys Cromwell

WINTER STARS

I went out at night alone;
The young blood flowing beyond the sea
Seemed to have drenched my spirit's wings —
I bore my sorrow bitterly.

But when I lifted up my head
From shadows shaken on the snow,
I saw Orion in the east
Burn steadily as long ago.

From windows in my father's house,
Dreaming my dreams on winter nights
I watched Orion as a girl
Above another city's lights. . . .

Years go, dreams go, and youth goes too,
The world's heart breaks beneath its wars —
All things are changed, save in the east
The faithful beauty of the stars.

Collier's Weekly

Sara Teasdale

CELESTIAL SIGNS

The occult Magian, versed in subtle art,
Intent on solving hidden mysteries,
Nightly observes the slowly moving skies,
Obscurely shadowed on his ancient chart;

All his quaint patterns of the stars impart
Disputed knowledge; when a monarch dies,
Or deeds of honour to enhance the wise,
Rich in their pride, before their souls depart:

But we, consulting those celestial signs,
Can only wonder where the spirits dwell,—
Long vanished from this world, for weal or woe; —

And, wonder as we may, the mind declines
To answer, whether heaven, or sleep, or hell; —
Or dreams must satisfy — until we go.

The Boston Transcript

Brookes More

INSCRIPTION

What has been written secretly in these
Old archives of the mind? What still unread
And untranslated language of the dead
Strives with our lips to speak, through memories,
Of griefs and exultations lost not yet?
We cannot know. Our mazed thoughts grope
among
Legends and words and symbols to find tongue;
But we are dumb or fearful, or forget.

We are a phrase — no more. The winds erase
The charact'ry of dust, and meanings lie

New-figured still beyond the glyphs of Mars,
As endlessly the hands of Twilight trace
Across the ancient palimpsest of sky
The faint, fantastic scripture of the stars.

The Sonnet

Leslie Nelson Jennings

THE YEARBOOK
OF AMERICAN POETRY
1918

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SOME IMPORTANT VOLUMES OF POEMS PUBLISHED DURING 1917-1918

These notes intend to give some interpretative idea of the books under review. In my treatment I have tried to keep in mind a statement of Max Eastman's,—that, "The fundamental act of life is not judgment but choice. It is not what people have decided but what people want, that is of original and divine importance."

Ardours and Endurances. Also A Faun's Holiday and Poems and Phantasies. By Robert Nichols. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.) One might be bold enough to declare, if the declaration means anything, that in "A Faun's Holiday" this young English poet has produced a kind of second "Endymion." It is a poem of great romantic beauty; besides having all the elaborate appareling of language, it has beneath a body of idealism as thoroughly Christian as Keats' was pagan. Here is a young poet who gropes through a ritual of naturalism to the divine doctrine of theism; and his ritual is a way of escape from the symbolic laws of nature to the separate and higher laws of man. Does this poem point the way that is to be taken by the poets after the war? Has the emergence begun—we have this year, the mystical example of Mr. Siegfried Sassoon—from the ruins of the past and present, and in such poets as Mr. Nichols and Mr. Sassoon, is the glimmering of the new spirit for a new age showing itself? Somehow I seem to think it is so. Mr. Nichols has been in the trenches and has written a group of war poems unsurpassed for their vivid feeling and beautiful simplicity of expression. He tells of the batteries moving into position, of the assault, of self-sacrificing gallantry, imbuing them all with a spirit and vision entirely new in the poetry of the war. He seems to accomplish his extraordinary quality out of the consciousness shimmering in the line "All my Young England fell to-day in fight," a fact which does not

emanate from the glory of capturing German trenches nor the nobility of heroic action, but becomes sacred in the light of ransoming by the blood shed and the deaths endured, the holy freedom of mankind. So through these poems we trace the spiritual progress of youth, from the moment when the "Summons" came to the "Approach" taking him to "Battle," and in the tributes to "The Dead" who were his friends, upon whom, lying wounded in the hospital he thinks, being himself "out of the night," of that awful experience, and passing through "The Aftermath" of spiritual speculation. Here is a sequence of war poems of unusual meaning and beauty. They make a kind of testament, such as no other poet has yet given us of his experience in this war. Conceivably Mr. Sassoon might have done so had he sketched a design in which to weave his spiritual experience. In the "Poems and Phantasies," which form the last section of Mr. Nichols' book, he gives us many a richly embroidered song full of subtle and mystical meaning. In these poems, as in "A Faun's Holiday," the poet shows himself possessed of a romantic imagination which burns and glows into and through the theme. It is pure poetry that Mr. Nichols writes, and with youth on his side, he will enrich more surprisingly than even in this book, the future store of English poetry — if the war spares him!

Barbed Wire, and Other Poems. By Edwin Ford Piper. (The Midland Press, Moorhead, Minn.) Precisely what Robert Frost has done for New England, Mr. Piper has, in this volume, done for the West from Illinois to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. The difference on the one hand is, that the eastern community has a long background which gives a highly complicated weave to character and experience, while the western community is largely set in the foreground of national life, simple in detail, more elemental and expansive. On the other hand, the similarity of style between the two poets has its difference in the fundamental quality of tone rather than in the technical structure of rhythms. Both employ a colloquial mood and speech, making blank verse, for the most part, serve a natural and flexible character of expression. Both poets with this medium obtain peculiar and individual effects, a quiet and persuasive utterance is common to both, and is the result of a language very plain and drab in appearance and meaning, but having about it a sense and spirit which is the essence of the visual and imaginative. The art of both these poets is concrete. They deal with what is the

most ordinary materials, but time upon one has put the imprint of the tragic and grim, of the bare and worn nerves of a lonely and isolated rural people; time upon the other has scarcely made an impression as yet. It is nature that has stamped the people of Mr. Piper's wide stretching country of prairie and canyon, with vigor and romanticism, with the hardy and aspiring impulse of a fresh stock. One cannot with too much emphasis lay stress upon the social value of Mr. Piper's poems, for with a most vivid use of the imaginative faculty, he weaves for us the fabric of a community rising on the bare breast of nature. The contact of his people is wholly with elemental forces and needs. We watch them adjusting and adapting themselves to new conditions of life, which have been scarcely settled by the second generation of movement across the plains. The inheritance of new homes, such as establish themselves with the crude necessities of a new and separated existence, is also curiously touched and colored by the poet with the finer instincts of the spiritual inheritance of forbears in the old homes. For it is the edge of pioneer days which the poet sets as the background for his poetry, and all the subjects of that life are sharply visualized in presenting the human story. The first half of Mr. Piper's book deals with this life in its various aspects, and it is done with a fine concentration on the essential features. The second, and quite the larger part of the book, deals with "The Neighborhood." Here the settlements have crystallized into communities, and character rather than circumstance stands out. These poems tend to convince the reader that the West has in Mr. Piper a new poet of rare power of feeling and expression, who, eschewing the tawdry and spectacular, the false and cheap modern impulse, gives embodiment and representation to what is true and sound, fundamental and characteristic in its pioneer life. He has done this with an art that is both sympathetic and suitable to the material; that is not in any sense derivative, but vigorous and fresh in style, natural and easy in a sort of dry and homely diction.

Buddy's Blighty, and Other Verses from the Trenches. By Lieutenant Jack Turner, M. C. Canadian Expeditionary Force. (Small, Maynard and Company.) Last year Robert W. Service's "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man" stood far ahead of all the popular war verse with the Kiplingese note, and this year the honor with equal justification goes to Lieutenant Jack Turner. "Buddy's Blighty" is a hu-

man book — humanity is not nearly so human under other conditions as under the grim stress and suffering of war — it is a humorous book, a racy and direct book of singing verses. It sings of the rough, unsophisticated giant coming down from the frozen barrens of the North to get into the "scrap" over there in Flanders — and the particular giant, "Buddy Baldwin, Broncho-Buster," is a singularly imaginative chap coming out of ether in a hospital in Blighty — of the man with a yellow streak who proved in his fright to be a first-class hero, and of many another one in the trenches. The poems are full of the "Ragtime Army," of shell-shock, of verses to Macconachie, of No Man's Land — in fact of all the familiar, and current topics and experiences the war has brought forth. But somehow Lieutenant Turner arouses a fresh interest in what are now these commonplaces of the war. The volume is a deeply human and moving chronicle of the trenches.

First Poems. By Edwin Curran. (Published by the Author. Moorehead Avenue, Zanesville, Ohio.) This is a modest little pamphlet of twenty-nine unnumbered pages. The cover is also the title-page, and carries this note of information: "Reviewers please include address of author and price of book (35c Postpaid) in notices. Any help in distribution will be appreciated. Author is a railroad telegrapher, 25, unmarried, a beginner and needs publisher. If this volume meets expenses, another, possibly better, will be issued. This edition 250 autographed copies. Quotations may be made at will by newspapers, magazines, etc." If this pamphlet of verses doesn't become famous some day, I'll be much mistaken. I venture also that Mr. Curran will not "need" a publisher for his second volume. For here, indeed, is a genius, if in the rough. There are few poets to-day who can produce epithets with the vitality, the freshness, and the illumination of vision, as this apparently untutored singer. The poems are uneven, but the pure gold among them is evidence of an absolute poetic gift. Discerning critics have been quick to see Mr. Curran's power, and the enthusiasm of Mr. Untermeyer will be general with the poet's next volume.

Georgian Poetry. 1916-1917. Edited by Erskine Macdonald. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) The editor remarks in his Prefatory Note that "This third book of Georgian Poetry carries to the end of a seventh year the presentation of chosen examples from the work of contemporary poets belonging to the younger generation. Of the eighteen

writers included, nine appear in the series for the first time. The representation of the older inhabitants has in most cases been restricted in order to allow full space for the newcomers." The poets included are W. J. Turner, James Stephens, J. C. Squire, Siegfried Sassoon, I. Rosenberg, Robert Nichols, Harold Monro, John Masefield, Ralph Hodgson, Robert Graves, Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, John Freeman, John Drinkwater, Walter De La Mare, William H. Davies, Gordon Bottomley, Maurice Baring, and Herbert Asquith. This issue is the best of these series of Georgian Poetry; the poems by Sassoon and Nichols give it, in spite of the fine quality of the work of Masefield, Davies, Gibson, and Stephens, significance. The omission of Edward Thomas seems a little puzzling, but on the whole the volume is admirably representative of the younger generation in England—in considering the men only.

Hill-Tracks. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. (The Macmillan Company.) In this book Mr. Gibson shows great visual concentration, sharply outlining the moods of memory and association. The faculty to do this has not been displayed in the dramatic reveries and dialogues of laboring people that make up the greater portion of Mr. Gibson's poetic achievement. In these latter, there is the conscientious artist who sees his nearest goal to reality, and one must add, a rigid kind of beauty, running through the by-paths of democracy; but he managed always to invest his human episode with a gray atmosphere, and his characters, in the hard confines of their social existence, were meagre and monotonous in type. Of its kind, this poetry of "Daily Bread," "Borderlands and Thoroughfares," "Livelihood" and "Fires," was quite perfect for the social and human material the poet dealt with. But with the advantages of theme and understanding went certain disadvantages of expression. It was with his collection of war lyrics, "Battle," that there came into Mr. Gibson's art a more flexible quality of imagination, a liquidity of utterance, which refused to be confined into the well-cut channels of emotions. "Hill-Tracks" is another advance in the lyrical development of the poet. They lead through a torn heart, for going and coming, are memories of the war. Where they branch off, are on the side-slopes of bucolic character and incident. On these for the time, the poet tries to escape from his own consciousness of the strife, but he cannot escape from sadness, because the terrible conflict has eaten into his imagination. All those topographical references,

of which the poems in this volume are full, to English scenes and places, is an effort to wrench the memory from the thunder and misery of the conflict across the Channel, and lure it into the security of traditional associations, but even the effort fails. The result is a continued lyrical lament breaking through the mellow English landscape.

Motley, and Other Poems. By Walter de la Mare. (Henry Holt and Company.) Both Mr. de la Mare's previous books, "The Listeners" and "Peacock Pie" were belated gifts to American readers when they became known here through American editions within the past two years. Neither became very popular over here, but their magic did not fail to impress critics of varying tempers and sympathies, and won a discriminating audience of respectable size. This new collection then, ought to find a hearty American welcome, for it comes as a direct assurance that Mr. de la Mare has found a place in the appreciation of American readers. Will those, who have what amounts to a veneration for the subtle and delicate magic of "The Listeners," that volume whose very name cast a spell upon readers, be disappointed in these new poems? Admittedly, it has nothing so fine as a half dozen or more perfect masterpieces in "The Listeners" volume; but for all that, there is no lessening of that magical quality, so simply conjured from the frailest substances, which is the supreme gift, as it is the most inexplicable, of Mr. de la Mare's art. The strangeness clinging about life, the invisible beauties in the apparent forms and flowing veils of motion in nature, which it is his power to evoke and make into presences, are all here exquisitely woven into the shimmering texture of verse. It is scarcely the subject or theme that Mr. de la Mare may choose to sing about that counts, it is his remarkable sensibility in taking the attitude or aspect which casts an illumination of shadow or motion, or of signifying spirit, which abstract the mood of wizardry and beauty. So these poems are spells, quite as much as any he has written, and the reading of them prefigures all that one suddenly and flashingly remembers of experience and observation in life and nature.

My Ireland. Songs and Simple Rhymes. By Francis Carlin. (Henry Holt and Company.) In Francis Carlin America has produced a poet who in imagination is a Celt of the Celt. This American born Irishman is spiritually and poetically an alien in the city of New York where he lives. He is a born poet, for, as he admits, he has had

practically no literary training. Yet a reading of his poems is not to be judged purely by academic standards; he is wise in the knowledge which only the born poet possesses; in that spiritual training and intuition, which opened to Keats and William Blake a world of dreams and realizations beyond the acquisition of schools. And it is with Blake, in a certain brief lyric mysticism and intensity, that he is akin in his most alluring moments. Ireland, as may be seen, is the poet's passion, and to her he gives the best of his songs. Some of these have a turn of phrase and imagination that thrill with their simple and pathetic beauty. The Irish wistfulness in both delight and sorrow is in this poet the measure of his yearning for the unattainable — the green fields of Ireland. But out of the suppression of a New York mercantile existence, he shapes out of memory and dream and passion pure haunting strains of Celtic song.

Poems. By Edward Thomas ("Edward Eastaway"). With a Portrait from a Photograph by Duncan Williams. (Henry Holt and Company.) Edward Thomas, whose nature essays and literary biographies won him a place among the younger writers of England, was killed in action at Arras, Easter Monday, 1917. This volume of poems, published afterwards, was his first presentation as a poet. It shows the influence of Robert Frost, to whom it is dedicated. As a nature essayist Edward Thomas was one of the most perceptive and alluring of the younger English writers; and these poems have much of the same quality of sentiment and feeling. The style and diction employed tend, however, with its rigid colloquialism of speech, to disjoint and disarray one's feeling and appreciation, until one has attuned the ear of the spirit to the sense so harmoniously imbuing the abrupt dropping of words into the metres. They seem to present incoherencies of thought and expression, but one becomes aware with careful attention of something unusual, of a kind of magic ecstasy growing out of the method. The magic of the English countryside flows through these poems of Edward Thomas. Contemplating scenes of woodland and field, of highroad and farmstead, his visions are captivating. His portraiture of rural characters is quite as infectious as his paintings in delicate colors of the English landscape. It is difficult to find poems more saturated with the particular kind of beauty these possess.

Renascence, and Other Poems. By Edna St. Vincent

Millay. (Mitchell Kennerley.) The stir made by Miss Millay's poem "Renaissance" when it appeared in *The Lyric Year* contest some years ago, turned the gaze of the poetry-loving public upon this young lady with considerable interest and expectation. Since then she has printed lyrics and songs in the magazines of a quality to pronounce her gift as a rare one. Intensity is her most marked emotional trait and it points an imagination which rapturously ensnares the elusive realities of the world. Her reaction to these flights as in "Renaissance," is to fall passionately into sorrowful moods, in the attempt to struggle through the pain of love, of harassing dreams, into a kind of triumphant realization that all life and experience is a shimmering illusion. But for all that there is a starry gladness in her substance, which has, especially in her shorter songs and lyrics, an haunting influence upon the reader.

The Burglar of the Zodiac, and Other Poems. By William Rose Benét. (The Yale University Press. The exuberance of Mr. Benét's muse is the most daringly exploitive of any in American poetry. He is the Drake or Raleigh of American verse sailing the oceans of the poetic imagination and discovering continents of fancy. Never was a more apt title than the "burglar" applied to the creative mind; it steals into the secret and fastened places of experience and nature, and returns laden with the wares of dream and music. The reader may revel with him as he displays his loot to the astonished sensibilities. He performs with such careless ease, that one sometimes thinks that he will be caught and imprisoned with trivialities and mawkishness, but he always manages to escape with the proud consciousness of a true and subtle craftsman. With this volume he becomes a very important figure in contemporary poetry.

The Chinese Nightingale, and Other Poems. By Vachel Lindsay. (The Macmillan Company.) "The Chinese Nightingale" having won two years ago the prize annually awarded by *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, for the best poem printed by it during the year, ought on account of that to be the most popular of Mr. Lindsay's poems. Whether it is or not I would not venture to say, because all that Mr. Lindsay does is very much talked about. As the poem which gives its title, and in a large measure the distinction to this volume, it will come, I think, to readers who already know it with scarcely any loss of glamor or interest. The war poems which make up the first and

second section of Mr. Lindsay's book have a recondite significance in "America Watching the War," and "America at War with Germany." In the first of these "The Tale of the Tiger Tree" finely illustrates the tapering of Mr. Lindsay's imaginative power into a suggestion of mannerism; it is all here, the kind of incisive exploration of vision which Mr. Lindsay takes to particularize a simple and impressive fact, but the kind of familiarity that envelopes it takes away the thrill of emotion we feel in reading "The Chinese Nightingale" and many other poems. Mr. Lindsay, however, can never fail to be interesting, seductively arresting, and exhilarating, in his own strange and individual way. The new art, or combination of arts, which Mr. Lindsay has devised in "The Poem Games," is, apart from "The Chinese Nightingale," the most interesting feature of this new book. The "Booker Washington Trilogy," except for the third member of the group, I care little for; the significance of the tribute as a "memorial" to the Negro educator is too detached in the symbolism to catch the imagination. And let me say here that in spite of what Professor Phelps and Professor Nelson Antrim Crawford have written about Mr. Lindsay's understanding and sympathy for the Negro, he neither understands nor represents them. I once heard Mr. Lindsay preface his reading of "The Congo" with some reflections on the Negro race, and I saw immediately that he regarded it purely as a spectacle; that he drew little difference between the emotionalism of the aboriginal and the individual so interfused with other bloods and environments who was as far removed from the "big, black bucks" as the poet himself. The third member of this Trilogy, "King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba," one of the poem games, shows the possibilities of the community expressed in the art of verse, through speaking and dancing. The poem itself has a magical quality. Mr. Lindsay's explanation of the poem games, in an introduction to these poems, gives an interesting interpretation of the idea. There has been a response to the idea in Chicago and the West, but whether it will spread further through general acceptance, one would not venture to predict, though as a social solution for one of the many problems of democracy, it is worth quite serious attention. Out of it, who can tell, Mr. Lindsay may proceed to newer conquests in his poetic career.

The Door of Dreams. By Jessie B. Rittenhouse. (Houghton Mifflin Company.) For some time there have

been glimmerings in the pages of her magazines that Miss Rittenhouse was poet as well as critic. I have noted these pieces, but they have seemed to me the work of a very accomplished woman, rather than the accomplished work of a poet. Now that she has gathered a volume, one finds the impression heightened, and that the total effect assumes the air of a very neat and sincere talent. The quality of Miss Rittenhouse's songs appears at times in a slightly overstrained perfection. She allows no rift through which might flow a current of unpremeditated warmth; what comes is precisely what the psychology might invoke, but it leaves, as the song single in its substance should not leave, the emotion errant. Firm and beautiful as the surface of her songs appear, one feels that it is most cunningly, and often very exquisitely designed like a mosaic, and not woven together. It is so difficult to tell, sometimes, where simplicity is put to such rigid service, as Miss Rittenhouse puts it, just where the echo tapers into the silence of dreams, but it is certain as the title of her volume modestly declares, the greater number of these songs take one no further than to the "door of dreams." Now and then she lures you beyond into the dim and mysterious rooms of the house of life, which is also the house of dreams. Then she is at her best, and her talents take on a tinge of glory. It is then that she locks her song at precisely the second of its fullest suggestion, and leaves with the reader the golden key of the imaginative symbol. On the whole the volume gives one the agreeable satisfaction of a well-balanced and well-accomplished talent.

The Last Blackbird, and Other Lines. By Ralph Hodgson. (The Macmillan Company.) Mr. Hodgson, like Mr. Gibson, and all the younger English poets of to-day, must feel as Mr. Gibson sings in a song called "Lament," the "heartbreak in the heart of things," but what he does is precisely to "turn to little things" and paint his hopes large upon them. We see his way out in the poem after which his volume is named, "The Last Blackbird," a dream-dialogue between the spirit of the poet and the spirit of nature. In this poem is a symbol to be read with comforting faith. There may be a dash of melancholy in the poem but there is compensation in the conviction that nature will not desert the faith that hangs on. All this, however, is far from any memory of the war. Mr. Hodgson apparently has not deviated one inch from his poetic purpose since the war came. His is still the same haunting

and quaintly musical art, with the exception that in this collection his metrics have grown more tractable than in the last, and his humor has blossomed into a fantasia of the most exquisite and satiric. The first two-thirds of this volume is made up of poems full of Mr. Hodgson's characteristic delicacy of imagination, with a mystical and symbolic note; the last third, of poems that I can best describe by saying that they are Charles Lamb turned into verse. "An Erring Muse," "An Elegy Upon a Poem Ruined by a Clumsy Metre," "The Vanity of Human Ambition and Big Behaviour," "Dulcina, a Bull-Terrier," and "To My Muse," are exceptional performances of a whimsicality whose bloom is a rare kind of spiritual logic, which no one among the younger English poets has accomplished.

The Lover's Rosary. By Brookes More. (The Cornhill Company.) In his foreword which takes the form of "The Lover's Apology," Mr. More asks "Is it not the poet's business to record the desires of the heart as well as the calculations of the mind? When Life turns," he continues, "its kaleidoscope, contrasting shapes and colours unite in harmonious designs; and so, the apparent contradictions of the mind and heart may be combined to form a completed destiny." So in these sonnets Mr. More gives us once again the "old, old story," but with the lustre of a spirit which turns its vari-colored emotions into a compelling and artistic work. Of late there has not been presented in American verse a sonnet-sequence with rarer distinction than this possesses. The form of the sonnet which Mr. More has produced with extraordinarily fine modelling, sets him among the most accomplished practitioners in American verse. The lyrical quality he has given it in keeping with the best traditions of its history shows what fine capabilities it possesses in the hands of a trained craftsman. The sequence is divided into two parts, "Pearls" and "Ashes," and into each the poet pours with appropriate understanding and intensity, the moods of joy and anguish, elaborating them with many a figure and image of the imagination.

The Old Huntsman, and Other Poems. By Siegfried Sassoon. (E. P. Dutton and Company.) No English poet of late, with the exception of Walter de la Mare, has a purer strain of magic than Mr. Siegfried Sassoon. Unknown to American readers, this poet comes out of war-stricken England, with a gift of incomparable beauty, awakening our spirits to gleaming vistas beyond the ruck and gloom of the present. Only too sensible of the war,

since he has taken an active part in it, he deals with it in the compellingly important manner of looking beyond it, into and through human nature, to ideals against which all its horror and grimness, misery and futility will shatter themselves, to the eternal glory of the spirit of man. The war poems of Mr. Sassoon have this significant value—they show the way out of a crucial dilemma by transforming the fact into a vision, by creating round the tragic experience an illusion, to secure hopes for the future. He is the "Mystic as Soldier" of his own poem, who despising, hating this monstrous folly, can yet regard it as a crusade in which God himself is taking part for the liberation of humanity. The spiritual attitude assumed by Mr. Sassoon towards the war, and what he has experienced and observed of its appalling results, seems to me less a concern of the immediate present, than a force created to lift the curtain of the future. The prophetic note is everywhere sounded. There has not been, in any collection of verse touching the war, before this, which had in it so much of what is new in meaning and significance. Time and again one finds in these pages such witchery and enchantment as no other contemporary poet in England except Walter de la Mare or William H. Davies have achieved. Mr. Sassoon's genius is as unmistakable as either these other two poets, so well known in America; but beyond them this poet goes in spiritual comprehension, in a certain power to evoke a mood which is thoroughly human, while at the same time full of symbolic implications. This is indeed, a rare volume of poems, and should serve to acquaint American readers with a poet hitherto unknown to them, who deserves their admiration and affection, along with Masfield, de la Mare, Davies and Gibson.

The Silver Trumpet. A Book of Verse. By Amelia Josephine Burr. (George H. Doran Company.) Miss Burr has given all her gifts as a poet to the service of the country at war. "Who shall interpret, who shall justify," she sings in one of these poems, and with this impulse she also exhorts and inspires, glorifies and celebrates, causes and incidents of the Entente Allies in the war. Miss Burr accomplishes in these poems two specific and important things: she "illuminates," as it has been said, "the psychology of those who are left at home," and she dramatizes with a poignant force episodes of the camp, the battle-front, the desolated villages of France and Belgium, the hospital, and the human side of many an historic event

which has taken place in the Allied nations during the war. All of these poems are based upon actualities; personal experiences that have come direct to the poet, incidents that have been recorded in books, in the daily or periodical press. This collection is, then, a veritable transcript of experiences which reveal the most human side of the war. Expressed with all Miss Burr's customary music in the deft handling of rhythms and her always vivid sense of substance and spirit this collection stirs "with the heroic appeal to sacrifice, and the glory of those who, in losing their souls, find them."

Toward the Gulf. By Edgar Lee Masters. (The Macmillan Company.) In "Toward the Gulf" we find that same uncovering of the flesh on the organism of our democratic civilization that has come to be Mr. Masters' peculiar gift. He is the surgical technician in this, for he seems to take it for granted that there is a malignant growth or infection in the various social bodies which compose our civilization. With him there is no remedy except in the knife of truth. But he refrains from torturing his patients more often in "Toward the Gulf" than in "The Great Valley." He is more consistently committed to the anaesthesia of beauty in the operation of his ideas. In other words, he realizes more profoundly that his covenant is with art and not science in the manner and method of dealing with his material. I don't know but what in this he has come to resemble Browning more than any other poet. If Browning was writing to-day as a mid-Western American, I think he would write exactly as Mr. Masters, and would deal with very much the same themes and make them yield very much the same significance; if Mr. Masters had lived as a Victorian poet, I can very well conceive of his having produced "The Ring and the Book," "Paracelsus," the dramatic monologues and lyrics of that English speculative poetic vision. The American has a way even in his titles of revealing kinship to the Englishman. But the restlessness of Browning in exploring the regions, the manifestations of experience, was largely to expose and rationalize the mental abstractions overwhelming character and passion; in this Browning recedes from our stationary perceptions; Mr. Masters starts, as it were, from his distance, but unfolding as he approaches us, enlarges our contact, not by swift flights into remoteness, but gathers from all sources experiences to give meaning and wonder and vision to the realities at our feet. The irony and tragedy

of life Mr. Masters does not hesitate to probe, in poem after poem in this volume. Go through these pages and see how keen the imagination and truth cuts into the consciousness of human experience. The "Dialogue at Perko's," "Sir Galahad," "St. Deseret," "Heaven is But an Hour," "Victor Rafolski," "Delilah," "The World-Saver," "Bertrand and Gourgaud Talk Over Old Times," "Widow La Rue," "Dr. Scudder's Clinical Lecture," and "The Bishop's Dream of the Holy Sepulchre." One can only add that these poems give us a new evidence of Mr. Masters' powers, that he has reached again close to the level of the "Spoon River Anthology," and dissipated completely the idea of having produced only a single first-rate book.

Trackless Regions. Poems. By G. O. Warren. (Longmans, Green and Company.) Throughout Mrs. Warren's book runs a thoughtful and serious strain on the destiny of human life. With a very exact sense of realities she manages nevertheless to give them a touch of mysticism, and in a language that has much of the severity and a great deal of the passionate imagery of Biblical phrasing. There is an urgent and illuminating fire running through her substance, which breaking to the surface transforms an apparently insignificant mood into a vital experience. While on the one hand the moon, strange as it seems in view of Mrs. Warren's profundity, is a cherished symbol, the dark planet groping through infinity is, on the other hand, more precisely the symbolization of both her thought and feeling. Life is like the earth pursuing its way through the trackless regions of experience, but there is a light of the spirit, which I venture to suggest, is symbolized in her mind by the moon throwing its radiance upon those regions of experience through which the human soul pursues its destiny. With an artistry of great refinement Mrs. Warren builds her poems; they all possess a distinction of music and phrase.

Tropical Towns, and Other Poems. By Salomon De La Selva. (John Lane Company.) In regards to this volume I cannot present it better than by quoting these sentences describing the poet and his work: "It is perhaps the mixture, not rare in Latin America, of Indian, Spanish and English blood in his veins, that has made Salomon de la Selva the representative poet of the Tropics that he is: savage in his passion for nature, proud in his love of country, subtle in his perception of spiritual values in all

things. To his strong individualism he adds a culture unusual in one so young, and thereby succeeds in interpreting to people of different traditions the very soul of his Latin America. He possesses a rich and faultless command of English, and at times employs resources of English prosody that reveal his scholarship. He has nurtured his innate gift in the art and literature of all countries, but whether he sings a Rumanian folk-ballad or a lyric in the manner of the Elizabethans, he is a Latin American through and through, and, whatever the form he uses, the soul of the poem is always his soul. Nor is he merely a singer of songs; he has an ideal to give utterance to—he is the poet of Pan-Americanism, and equally dear to him are the volcanoes of Nicaragua and the white birches of New England.”

BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX

ARMSTRONG, HAMILTON FISH. Born in New York, April 7, 1893, son of Maitland Armstrong, the artist, educated at Princeton University. For a short time magazine and newspaper writer, connected with *The New Republic*. Entered the army at the beginning of the war, First Lieutenant in Regular Army, now with 22nd U. S. Infantry. From Dec., 1917, to Feb., 1918, Military Attache to the Serbian War Mission. Contributor to *The Book of Princeton Verse* and editor of *The Book of New York Verse* (1918). Home, New York City.

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BAKER, KARLE WILSON. Born in Little Rock, Ark., Oct. 13, 1878, educated at Little Rock Academy and University of Chicago. Home, Nacogdoches, Texas.

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BARNES, DJUNA. Born Cornwall-on-Hudson, June 12, 1892, educated at home. Author. Has published the *Pas-sion Play*, and *The Book of Repulsive Women*.

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✓ BENÉT, WILLIAM ROSE. Born at Fort Hamilton, New York Harbor, July 2, 1886, educated at the Albany Academy and Sheffield Scientific School, Yale University. Was for a number of years assistant editor of the *Century Magazine*, and is now in the army. He is the author of *Merchants from Cathay*, *The Falconer of God*, *The Great White Wall*, *The Burglar of the Zodiac*, and *Other Poems* (1918), and with his wife translated Paul Claudel's *The East I Know*. Home, Port Washington, Long Island.

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On Edward Webbe, English Gunner . . . 78

Front Line 119

BIDDLE, VIRGINIA. Born at Parkersburg, W. Va., in 1895, educated at the University of Cincinnati. With war council of Y. M. C. A. Interests, literary. Home, New York City.

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✓ **BRADFORD, GAMALIEL.** Born at Boston, Oct. 9, 1863, was at Harvard University for a few months with class of 1886, but educated "mainly by ill-health and a vagrant imagination." Writer, whose interests are writing and human nature. Is author of *A Pageant of Life* (verse), *Unmade in Heaven* (drama), *Lee, the American, Union Portraits, Confederate Portraits*, and various novels. Home, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

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BRANCH, ANNA HEMPSTEAD. Born at Hempstead House, New London, Conn., educated at Smith College. Won the first prize offered by the *Century Magazine* for the best poem written by a college graduate. Author of *The Heart of the Road, and Other Poems, The Shoes that Danced, and Rose of the Wind*. Home, New London, Conn.

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BROWN, ABBIE FARWELL. Born at Boston, educated at the Girls' Latin School (Boston), and Radcliffe College. Is interested in out-door life, music, the theatre, and clubs. Is an active member of the Vigilantes. Author of *Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts, In the Days of Giants, The Curious Book of Birds, The Flower Princess, The Star Jewels, Brothers and Sisters, Friends and Cousins, Their City Christmas, John of the Woods, The Christmas Angel, The Lonesome Doll, Kismetown Town, Surprise House, The Lucky Stone, St. Christopher, Tales of the Red Children* (prose), *A Pocketful of Posies, Fresh Posies, Songs of Sixpence* (verse). Home, Boston, Mass.

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BUNKER, JOHN. Born at Cincinnati, O., April 11, 1884, educated at St. Francis Xavier College, Cincinnati. Is journalist, lecturer and critic, and has special interest in religion and poetry. Author of *The Nativity* (poem in blank verse), 1912. Home, New York City.

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CRAWFORD, NELSON ANTRIM. Born at Miller, S. Dak., May 4, 1888, educated at the State University of Iowa, A.B., and University of Kansas, A.M. Is Head of Department of

Industrial Journalism and Printing, Kansas State Agricultural College. His interests are "primarily in journalism and the fine arts. Recreations are fishing and photography." He is Associate Editor of *The Midland: A Magazine of the Middle West*, and author of several monographs on journalism. Rendering war service as Director of Publicity, Kansas State Council of Defense. Home, Manhattan, Kansas.

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BURR, AMELIA JOSEPHINE. Born in New York, in 1878, educated at Hunter College. Pursues literature as a profession. Has published two volumes of plays, *The Point of Life* and *Plays in the Market-Place*, five volumes of verse, *Afterglow*, *The Roadside Fire*, *In Deep Places*, *Life and Living*, and *The Silver Trumpet* (1918); a novel, *A Dealer in Empire*, and has edited *Sylvander and Clarinda*, *The Love Letters of Robert Burns* and *Agnes McLehose*. Is a valued member of the Vigilantes, and is very actively engaged in various war interests. Home, Englewood, N. J.

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BURT, MAXWELL STRUTHERS. Born in Philadelphia, Oct. 18, 1882, educated at Princeton University, 1904, and Merton College, Oxford, Eng. He is a ranchman. The author of a book of poems, *In the High Hills*, he has also published a good many short stories, but they have not yet been collected in book form. Home, Bar B. C. Ranch, Teton P. O., Jackson Hole, Wyoming.

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CARLIN, FRANCIS. Born at Bay Shore, Long Island, April 7, 1881, educated at the Parochial School, Norwalk, Conn. Is floor-walker at R. H. Macy and Co., New York. His interests are, he says, "the day's job and the night's business with Beauty." Is author of *My Ireland: Rhymes and Simple Songs* (1918). Home, New York City.

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CLARK, BADGER. Born in Albia, Iowa, Jan. 1, 1883, educated at the Deadwood (S. D.) Public Schools, and Dakota Wesleyan University. Is writer, reader and lay preacher.

Takes deep interest in books, men and open country. Has published two volumes of verse, *Sun and Saddle Leather* and *Grass Grown Trails*. Home, Hot Springs, South Dakota.

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COBB, ANN. Born at Plymouth, Mass., Sept. 15, 1873, educated at Wellesley College (B.A., '96). Is teacher and settlement worker, Hindman Settlement School, Hindman, Kentucky. Deeply interested in the survival of ballads and old English customs in the Kentucky mountains. Home, Newton Centre, Mass., address part of the year, Hindman, Kentucky.

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COATES, ARCHIE AUSTIN. Born at Dayton, Ohio, Oct. 21, 1891, educated in the Public Schools of Dayton and New York, and Columbia University (A.B., 1913; A.M., 1914). Is Associate Editor of *Life*. His interests are in "humanity and the Seven Arts." Author of *Odes and Episodes*, privately printed by Columbia University Society for subscription list, 1914, and *City Tides*, issued this autumn. Now Chief Yeoman, U. S. N. R. F., at the District Communication's Office, 3rd Naval District, N. Y. Home, winter, New York City, summer, Mohegan Lake, N. Y.

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CRAFTON, ALLEN. Born at Quincy, Illinois, in 1889, educated at Knox College, B.A., and Harvard University, M.A. Theatrical producer. Is interested in the theatre, music, art and literature. Is the author of *The Stranger Star*, *A Christmas Fantasy*, and a one act play, *Sea Pride*, which has been produced. Joined the Illinois National Guard, August, 1916, became Top Sergt. Hdq. Co. 6th Ill. Inf. (Drum Major), May, '17, 2nd Lieut. 123 F. A., Nov., '17, 1st Lieut. 123 F. A., Dec., '17, and 1st Lieut. A. S. S. R. C. (Observer), Over Seas, July, 1918. Home, Galesburg, Ill.

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CROMWELL, GLADYS. Born in New York City, in 1889, educated at The Brearley School, and in French Schools. Since February has served in Red Cross Canteen in French town near the front and under fire for two months. Author of a volume of verse, *Gates of Utterance*. Home, New York City.

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CURRAN, EDWIN. Born at Zanesville, Ohio, May 10, 1892, educated at St. Thomas Parochial School, and self-educated after one year in the High School. Railroad Telegraph Operator. Author of *First Poems* (1917). Home, Zanesville, Ohio.

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DAVIES, MARY CAROLYN. Born in the State of Washington, received her early training at Kasle, British Columbia, and Portland, Ore., and was a student at the University of California and New York University. "I make my living by writing verse alone," she says, "therefore my occupation is dodging creditors. My interests are chiefly broncho-riding, canoeing, and basketball; and in the East, where I cannot have these, free verse." Her first volume of verse is promised for this autumn. Home, Portland, Ore.

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DODD, LEE WILSON. Born at Franklin, Pa., July 11, 1879, educated at Yale University, '99 S. As a playwright he has produced *Speed*, *His Majesty Bunker Bean*, *Pals First*, *The Jack-Knife Man*, and other plays. He has published two volumes of verse, *A Modern Alchemist*, and *Other Poems*, and *The Middle Years*. Now in France. Home, Whitneyville, Conn.

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EASTMAN, MAX. Born at Canandaigua, N. Y., in 1883, educated at Mercersburg Academy, Williams College, and Columbia University. He is author, lecturer, and editor of *The Liberator*. Author of several prose works: *The Enjoyment of Poetry*, *Journalism Versus Art*, *Understanding Germany*, *The Only Way to End War*, and *Other Essays*, and a volume of verse, *Child of the Amazons*. Home, The Manor, Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

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EDGETT, EDWIN FRANCIS. Born at Boston, Jan. 12, 1867, educated at Harvard University, A.B., 1894. Is literary editor of the *Boston Transcript*. His interests are reading, writing, gardening, and motoring. Author of *Plays of the Present*, *Plays of the Present*, and a *Life of Edward L. Davenport*. Home, Arlington, Mass.

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EDWARDS, ELL. Personal facts about this poet have been difficult to obtain. His real name, I understand, is Claude McKay; he is a young colored man who, when he sent his poems to *The Seven Arts Magazine*, was employed as a waiter in a New York Club. He has an undoubted gift for poetry.

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— FAUSET, JESSIE. Born at Snow Hill, N. J., educated in the Philadelphia Public Schools, Cornell, University of Pennsylvania, and in France. Is teacher of French and Latin at the Dunbar High School, Washington, D. C. Her interests are literary and linguistic. Has published several excellent short stories. Has rendered civilian relief in war work. Home, Philadelphia.

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FISHER, MAHLON LEONARD. Born in Williamsport, Pa., in 1874, educated in Williamsport. Practiced architecture for more than seventeen years, and is still active in a consulting capacity. Is founder and editor of *The Sonnet*. Author of *Sonnets: A First Series*, the first volume in a projected trilogy. Home, Williamsport, Pa.

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GARESCHIÉ, S.J., EDWARD F. Born at St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 27, 1876, educated at St. Louis University (A.M.), Washington University (LL.B.). Editor of *The Queen's Work*. Is interested in literature, Catholic social service, and organization. Author of two volumes of verse, *The Four Gates* and *The World and the Waters* (1918), and in prose, *Your Neighbor and You*, *Your Interests Eternal*, and *Your Soul's Salvation*. Is rendering war service as organizer of Sodalities for soldiers in the camps, and lectures at various camps and cantonments throughout the country. Home, St. Louis, Mo.

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GILTINAN, CAROLINE. Born in Philadelphia, April 19, 1884, educated in the Public Schools there, and at the University of Pennsylvania. Author of a delicate volume of verse, *The Divine Image, A Book of Lyrics*. Now in France as secretary to Base Hospital, 38. Home, West Philadelphia, Pa.

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GORMAN, HERBERT S. Born in Springfield, Mass., Jan. 1, 1893, educated at the Technical High School, Springfield. Newspaper man, at present assistant night city editor of the New York *Sun*. His interests are poetry, criticism, and music. Was employed in Press Bureau of Liberty Loan Committee, Second Federal Reserve District, during the Third Liberty Loan. Home, New York City.

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HAGEDORN, HERMAN. Born in New York City, July 18, 1882, educated at Bedford Academy, The Hill School, and Harvard University. He is engaged in writing and farming, but at present in propaganda work in connection with the war, and on the Executive Committee, The Vigilantes. In fiction he has published *Faces in the Dawn* and *Barbara Picks a Husband*, brought out in the summer of 1918; two volumes in the Macmillan's *National Problems Series*, *You Are the Hope of the World*, *An Appeal to the Boys and Girls of America*, and *Where Do You Stand? An Appeal to Americans of German Origin*; his poems and plays are: *The Silver Blade*, *The Woman of Corinth*, *The Horse Thieves* (plays), *Poems and Ballads*, *A Troop of the Guard*, and *Other Poems*, *Makers of Madness*, *The Great Maze* and *The Heart of Youth*. He has edited *Fifes and Drums*, a collection of war poems, for The Vigilantes. Home, Sunnypot Farm, Fairfield, Conn.

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HILLMAN, GORDON M. Born at Evanston, Ill., August 31, 1900, educated at the Noble and Greenough School, preparing for Harvard College. Worked as a reporter. Interested in short story writing, tennis, and "going to college." Author, with his mother, Carolyn Hillman, of a volume of verse, *Rhymes Grave and Gay*, published this autumn. Home, Cambridge, Mass.

'Is Missus 136

HOOKE, BRIAN. Born at New York, Nov. 2, 1880, educated at Yale University, A.B., 1902, A.M., 1904, M.A., *honoris causa*, Yale, 1912. Has taught at Yale and Columbia. Author *The Right Man*, *The Professor's Mystery* (with Wells Hastings), *Mona*, an opera, awarded the prize in the Metropolitan Opera Co. competition (music by Horatio Parker), won the Cook prize, 1901, and the Heald prize, 1907; also a volume of verse, *Poems*. Home, Farmington, Conn.

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JACKSON, CATHARINE EMMA. (Mrs. Philip L. Alger.)

Born at New York City, Nov. 16, 1891, educated at Radcliffe College. Interested in Social Service. Address, Aberdeen Proving Grounds, Maryland.

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JENNINGS, LESLIE NELSON.

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JOHNS, ORRICK. Born in St. Louis, Mo., June 2, 1887, educated at the University of Missouri, and Washington University. His vocation is writing advertisements. He is active in Little Theatre work, with the Little Theatre of the St. Louis Artists' Guild, and a director of the Players' Club of St. Louis. Mr. Johns won the Lyric Year Prize a few years ago with his poem, *Second Avenue*. Is author of *Asphalt*, and *Other Poems*. Home, St. Louis, Mo.

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JOHNSON, FENTON. Born at Chicago, Ill., May 7, 1888, educated at the University of Chicago, and Northwestern University. Engaged in journalism and literature, and at present edits *The Favorite Magazine*. His chief interest is the Negro Race. Author of *A Little Dreaming*, *Songs of the Soil*, and *Visions of the Dusk*, all verse. "Whatever I can do," he says in regard to war service, "with my pen or otherwise to urge my people to aid in the prosecution of the war." Home, Chicago, Ill.

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KILMER, ALINE. Born in Norfolk, Va., in 1888, educated at the Vaile Deane School, Elizabeth, N. J. She is the wife of Joyce Kilmer, the poet and essayist, and will soon publish a volume of her own poems, *The Garden Child*. Home, Larchmont, N. Y.

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KILMER, JOYCE. Born in New Brunswick, N. J., in 1886, educated at Columbia University. Engaged in journalism, his higher vocation as a poet and essayist is well-known. In prose he has published *The Circus*, and *Other Essays*, and *Literature in the Making*; in verse, *Trees*, and *Other Poems*, and *Main Street*, and *Other Poems*; has edited *Dreams and Images*, *An Anthology of Catholic Verse*. As Sergeant Kilmer, he is in France with the Rainbow Division. Home, Larchmont, N. Y. (Since the foregoing was written Sergeant Joyce Kilmer was killed in action, in the Second Battle of the Marne, July 30, 1918.)

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LINDSAY, VACHEL. Born in Springfield, Ill., Nov. 10,

1879, educated at the Springfield High School, Hiram College, Chicago Art Institute, and the New York School of Art. Mainly a writer of verse, though he spent ten years as an art student, and lectured three winters at the Metropolitan Museum. Lately Moving Picture critic for *The New Republic*. Gives recitals of his verse in the winter, but lives eight or nine months in the year in the house in which he was born, giving, as he says, "ninety per cent of energy to the writing of verse." In prose he has published (and they should be read in order given, to fully grasp Mr. Lindsay's democratic art theories), *A Handy Guide for Beggars, Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty*, and *The Art of the Moving Picture* (in which a democratic æsthetic system is applied to a special art; in verse his volumes are, *General William Booth Enters into Heaven, and Other Poems*, *The Congo, and Other Poems*, and *The Chinese Nightingale, and Other Poems*. Home, Springfield, Ill.

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LONG, HANIEL. Born at Rangoon, Burmah, March 9, 1888, educated at Exeter and Harvard University. Is Associate Professor in English, School of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh. Is interested in art and education. Home, "Endiom," Naples, N. Y.

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LOWELL, AMY. Born in Brookline, Mass., Feb. 9, 1874, educated at private schools. Makes literature her profession. She has published two prose volumes, *Six French Poets*, and *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry*; her volumes of verse are, *A Dome of Many-Colored Glass*, *Sword Blades and Poppy Seed*, *Men, Women and Ghosts*, and *Can Grande's Castle*, issued this autumn. Home, "Sevenels," Brookline, Mass.

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M., S. M. Sister of Holy Cross. Born at Cumberland, Wis., May 27, 1887, educated at University of Wisconsin,

1906, St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, B.A., 1909, University of Notre Dame, M.A., 1918. Is teacher in the English Department, St. Mary's College, Notre Dame. Takes great interest in teaching, reading, writing, things literary and philosophical. Author of *The Familiar Essay in College English*, and is a contributor of poems and prose articles to various weekly and monthly magazines. In connection with the war is doing editorial work on education and the war for various Indiana schools and papers. Home, St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana.

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MANN, DOROTHEA LAWRENCE. Born at Gloucester, Mass., Jan. 26, 1887, educated at the Malden High School and Wellesley College. Engaged in writing poetry, short stories, and literary criticism. Interests, books and the drama. Will publish this autumn a volume of poems. Home, Malden, Mass.

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MASTERS, EDGAR LEE. Born at Garnet, Kan., August 23, 1869, attended the Lewiston, Ill., High School, later studying law. He is a lawyer and writer. Author of the following books, two of which are prose: *A Book of Verse*, 1898, *Maximilian, A Drama*, 1902, *The New Star Chamber*, 1904, *Blood of the Prophets*, 1905, *The Trifler*, 1907, *Songs and Sonnets*, 1910, *Songs and Sonnets, Second Series*, 1912, *Spoon River Anthology*, 1915, *Songs and Satires*, 1916, *The Great Valley*, 1916, and *Toward the Gulf*, 1918. Home, Chicago, Ill.

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MAVITY, NANCY BARR. Born at Bridgeport, Ill., Oct. 22, 1890, educated in the Public and High Schools, Keokuk, Iowa, Western College (A.B.), Wellesley College (Graduate School), Cornell University (A.M., Ph.D.). Is on the editorial staff of George H. Doran Co., publishers. Interests, "picnics, auction bridge, cats, husband, psycho-analysis." Contributor to *Philosophical Essays in Honor of J. E. Creighton*, 1917, *The Masque of Poets*, 1918, and author of verse and essays in *The Bookman*, *Unpopular Review*, etc. Home, New York City.

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MIDDLETON, SCUDDER. Born in New York City, Sept. 9, 1888, educated at Columbia University. He is engaged in the publishing business. Author of *Streets and Faces*, 1917. Home, New York City.

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MILLER, J. CORSON. Born at Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 13, 1883, educated at Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Assistant, engaged in Electric Railway Transportation. Contributor of verse to various magazines and newspapers, and will publish soon a volume of poems. Home, Buffalo, N. Y.

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MINOT, JOHN CLAIR. Born at Belgrade, Maine, Nov. 30, 1872, educated at Bowdoin College, A.B., 1896. Associate Editor of *The Youth's Companion* since 1909. Interests, "hard work and my home." Author of the histories of Belgrade, Me., of Augusta, Me., of the Class of Bowdoin, '96, of the D. K. E. Fraternity of Bowdoin; also of many papers, addresses, poems, and has edited compilations of stories and poems. Just finished *Maine's Contribution to Literature*, soon to be published by the Maine State Library. Home, Watertown, Mass.

The Brook that Runs to France 113

MORE, BROOKES. Born at Dayton, Ohio, March 29, 1859, educated at St. Louis, Mo. Is author and financier. Interests, literature, and especially poetry. Author of *Gods and Heroes*, *Great War Ballads*, Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, translated into English Blank Verse (included in the two preceding volumes), *The Lover's Rosary*, *Songs of a Red Cross Nurse*, and *A Beggar's Vision*. Home, Fort Smith, Arkansas.

Celestial Signs 160

MORTON, DAVID. Born at Elkton, Ky., Feb. 21, 1886, educated at Vanderbilt University. Is on the staff of the Louisville *Herald*, and on the faculty of the Louisville Boys' High School. Has not yet published a book. Home, Louisville, Ky.

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Villanelle 52

MCDONOUGH, PATRICK.

Via Longa 93

NICHOLL, LOUISE TOWNSEND. Born at Scotch Plains, N. J., Oct. 25, 1890, educated at Smith College. Newspaper writer. Engaged on an important book soon to be published. Home, Scotch Plains, N. J.

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For a Child Named Katharine 64

O'BRIEN, EDWARD J. Born at Boston, Mass., Dec. 10, 1890, educated at Boston College, and Harvard University.

Has devoted himself entirely to literature. Edited, *The Man Forbid, and Other Essays*, by John Davidson, *The Renegade Poet, and Other Essays*, by Francis Thompson, *Essays in Criticism: Third Series*, by Matthew Arnold, *The Best Short Stories for 1915*, *The Best Short Stories for 1916*, *The Best Short Stories for 1917*, and will issue subsequent annual volumes in the same series. Has just published a translation of Henri Barbusse *The Inferno*. His first volume of verse, *White Fountains: Odes and Lyrics*, was issued in 1917. Home, South Yarmouth, Mass. P. O. Bass River, Mass.

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O'NEIL, DAVID. Born at St. Louis, July 23, 1874, educated at Washington University. Engaged in the lumber business. Author of *A Cabinet of Jade*. Home, St. Louis, Mo.

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O'NEIL, GEORGE. Born at St. Louis, Mo., in 1896, educated at Smith Academy, St. Louis. Has joined the Naval Service. Home, St. Louis, Mo.

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PARKER, ELIZABETH WEST. Born at Woburn, Mass., Oct. 4, 1874, educated at the Woburn and Salem Normal School. Has engaged in teaching; at present occupied in "making a home for my family and friends," and takes an interest in "everything!" Home, Woburn, Mass.

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PERCY, WILLIAM ALEXANDER. Born in Greenville, Miss., May 4, 1885, educated at the University of the South, and the Harvard Law School. By profession a lawyer. Now in the Army. Author of *Sappho in Leukas, and Other Poems*. Home, Greenville, Miss.

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PIPER, EDWIN FORD. Born at Auburn, Neb., Feb. 8, 1871,

educated at the University of Nebraska, and Harvard University. Teaches English, has a vital interest in collecting ballads, farms, and is a lover of outdoor sports. Author of an extraordinary book of poems, *Barbed Wire, and Other Poems* (1917). Home, Iowa City, Ia.

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PULSIFER, HAROLD TROWBRIDGE. Born at Manchester, Conn., Nov. 18, 1886, educated at the Pomfret School, and Harvard College. Won the Lloyd McKim Garrison Prize in Junior Year for poem, *Conquest of the Air*, and was Class Poet, 1911. Member of the editorial staff of *The Outlook*. Served in two Plattsburg Camps, summer of 1916; voluntarily inducted into the National Army, Jan. 31, 1918; promoted to the grade of Master Signal Electrician, Signal Corps, U. S. N. A., Feb. 7, 1918; now on detached service in New York City. Author of *Mothers of Men*, a volume of poems. Home, Mountainville, N. Y.

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REESE, LIZETTE WOODWORTH. Born in Baltimore County, Md., in 1856, educated in Baltimore. Teacher by profession. Has published four books of verse much beloved and admired by discriminating lovers of poetry: *A Branch of May*, *A Handful of Lavender*, *A Quiet Road*, and *A Wayside Lute*. Home, Baltimore, Md.

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ROWLAND, ERON O. (MRS. DUNBAR ROWLAND). Born in Mississippi, a descendant of the early Colonial families of Hamptons, Rowlands and Hairstons, of Virginia. Has for many years been assistant secretary of the Mississippi Historical Society, of which her husband is president. Was carefully educated by her father, an honor graduate of La Grange College, and a Professor of Greek and Latin. Her historical monographs and researches have attracted the favorable attention of the historians and scholars of her State. Her poems have won the commendation of critics, and she has in preparation a volume of poems to be published this autumn. Home, Jackson, Miss.

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ROBINSON, ELOISE. Born in Amelia, Ohio, in 1889, edu-

cated at Western College, Oxford, O., Mount Holyoke, and Wellesley College. Her occupation is writing, interests, "everything," she says. Edited *The Minor Poems of Joseph Beaumont*, and is soon to publish a volume of her own poems. Home, Cincinnati, O.

Blue Roses 127

SAMPSON, HENRY A. Born in King William Co., Va., April, 1870, educated at Shelbyville, Ky. Engaged in the Fire Insurance business. Interests, Literature. It is of interest to know that he is a great-great-grandson of Patrick Henry, and in 1896 married Emma Keats Speed, who is a great-niece of John Keats. Home, Richmond, Va.

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SHEPARD, ODELL. Born at Rock Falls, Ill., July 22, 1884, educated at Northwestern, Chicago, and Harvard Universities (degrees, A.M. and Ph.D.). Is Goodwin Professor, and Head of the Department of English, Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. His chief interests are poetry, literary criticism, and music. Is author of a prose volume of *Shakespeare Questions*, a volume of verse, *A Lonely Flute*, and *Other Poems*, and was contributor to Edward J. O'Brien's *The Masque of Poets*. Home, Hartford, Conn.

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SPEYER, LEONORA. Born at Washington, D. C., in 1872, educated at Washington. Before marriage was a professional violinist, having played with Anton, Seidl, Nikisch, Sir Henry Wood, etc. Interests, music and poetry. Home, New York City.

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The Dream-Seller Man 73

TEASDALE, SARA. Born in St. Louis, Mo., August 8, 1884, educated at private schools in St. Louis. Her chief interest is poetry, and her chief occupation in writing it. In private life she is Mrs. Ernest Filsinger, wife of the author of *Trading in South America*. Author of *Helen of Troy*, and *Other Poems*, *Rivers to the Sea*, and *Love Songs*, the latter being awarded in June the prize of \$500 by Columbia University for being adjudged the best volume of poems by an American poet published during 1917—an honor

which won the general approbation of poetry lovers. She has edited *The Answering Voice: One Hundred Love Lyrics by Women*. Home, New York City.

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TONKIN, KATHARINE. Born at Mallow, Paradise Co., O., educated privately. Engaged in creative handicrafts. Interests, mysticism, poets as human beings more than artists, and the catholicity of human opinion. Has in preparation a volume of poems. Home, Mallow.

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TORRENCE, RIDGELY. Born in Xenia, Ohio, educated at Princeton University. Writer and dramatist. Author of *Granny Maumee, and Other Plays*. Home, New York City.

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TWISS, BLANCHE OLIN. Born at Manhattan, Kansas, Jan. 27, 1888, educated at Buchtel College, Ph.B., Akron, Ohio, 1907, B.S., Teachers College, Columbia University, 1911. Some time teacher of Home Economics, Akron, O., Wheeling, W. Va., Edmonton, Alberta, State Demonstrator Home Economics, Wyoming. Married June 28, 1915, Professor George R. Twiss of Ohio State University. Interests, Home Economics and Literature. In war work, Red Cross Surgical Dressings. Home, Columbus, O.

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UNTERMAYER, LOUIS. Born at New York City, Oct. 1, 1886, educated in the New York Grammar Schools. Declares himself as "Jeweler, Designer, Husband, Factory Superintendent, Reviewer—sometimes a poet," and that his favorite pursuits are Swimming, Socialism, Playing Tennis, and the Piano." Author of, in verse, *First Love, Challenge,—And Other Poets, These Times*; was one of the contributors to *The Younger Quire*, and has translated *Heinrich Heine—325 Poems*; this autumn is publishing a volume of critical essays on American poets and poetry. Home, New York City.

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- Fantasy 156
- WALDRON, MARION PATTON. Born at Oberlin, Ohio, Nov. 17, 1885, educated at Smith College. Engaged in writing. Home, New York City.
- Holiday 27
- WATTLES, WILLARD. Born at Baynesville, Kan., June 8, 1888, educated at the University of Kansas, A.B., A.M. Describes himself as "University Instructor, harvest-hand, critic, hobo, poet," and interested in "practical Christianity, but not in creeds." Co-author with Harry Kemp, of a volume of verse, *Songs from the Hill*, and editor of *Sunflowers, A Book of Kansas Poems*. A volume of his poems, *Lanterns of Gethsemane*, has just been issued. Now in the Army. Home, Lawrence, Kan.
- I Have Had Great Pity 42
- Hrolf's Thrall—His Song 73
- "Against My Second Coming" 137
- WELLES, WINIFRED. Born at Norwich Town, Conn., Jan. 26, 1893. Interests, Poetry, Child Welfare, Home. Is engaged in Home Red Cross and Canteen work. Home, Norwich Town, Conn.
- Threnody 158
- WHELOCK, JOHN HALL. Born at Far Rockaway, Long Island, N. Y., in 1886, educated at Harvard University, 1908. He is manager of the Library Department, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Has contributed poems to all the leading magazines, and has published three books, *The Human Fantasy*, *The Beloved Adventure*, and *Love and Liberation*. Home, New York City.
- Exile from God 148
- WHITE, VIOLA CHITTENDEN. Born Hancock, N. Y., August 3, 1890, educated at Girls' High School, Brooklyn, and Wellesley College. Secretary to "Forward," a radical monthly magazine. Interests, socialism, literature, pe Home, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- The Litany of the Comfortable 85
- WIDDEMER, MARGARET. Born in Doylestown, Pa., educated at home. Literature is her profession. Interests, canoeing, folksongs. Her novels are, *The Rose Garden Husband*, *Why Not?* *The Wishing-Ring Man*, *You're Only Young Once* (autumn, 1918); two juveniles, *Winona of the Camp Fire* and *Winona at Camp Karenya*; in verse, *Factories*, and the *Old Road to Paradise* (autumn, 1918). In connection with the war, engaged in War Camp Community

Service, department of publicity. Home, Larchmont, N. Y.

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WOODBERRY, GEORGE EDWARD. Born at Beverly, Mass., May 12, 1855, educated at Harvard College, Class 1877. A retired professor who has had a distinguished and influential career, with a wide European recognition. The author of numerous volumes in prose and verse, essays, literary interpretation, and biography. His important volumes of verse are, *Poems*, *The Wild Flight*, and *Other Poems*, and *Ideal Passion: Sonnets*. A study of Mr. Woodberry's poetry, by Louis V. Ledoux, has lately been issued by Dodd, Mead and Co., and includes a bibliography of great value to the students of this distinguished writer. Home, Beverly, Mass.

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WORTH, PATIENCE. In regard to this author I can only quote what Mrs. Curran writes: "Nothing is definitely known of Patience Worth's life except that she seems to have lived during the middle of the 17th century and was not an author. She was a spinster whose mother was a sempstress to certain neighborhood nobility. They seemed to have lived in Dorset, England, near the sea, but in her effort to hide herself and withdraw her personality in favor of her work, she has been so meager in her facts relating to her life and surroundings that what we know is almost nil." As all the literature ascribed to Patience Worth has been transmitted through Mrs. John H. Curran, it is of vital interest to know something of her, and I hereby quote the biographical facts of her life: "I was born April 15, 1883," she writes, "at Mound City, Ill. Family moved to Texas soon after and spent fourteen years there, where I attended public school and for a few months, a local convent. Came to Missouri at ten, and entered the public schools, and advanced as far as the 8th grade when we moved to an inland town 65 miles away, where we lived some six years, during which time I took trips to Chicago, and studied voice. Married Jan. 27, 1907, to John Howard Curran of St. Louis. Maiden name Pearl Lenore Pollard, only child of George and Mary Pollard. No literary experience," she adds, "more than writing letters. Read the ordinary line of current books and magazines. Patience Worth came July 14th, 1913. I have 1500 poems, seven short stories, three complete novels, one in blank verse of 70,000 words, five other stories and a one act play in process of writing, in all about 1,500,000 words.

Three books published to date, *Patience Worth, The Sorry Tale*, and *Hope Trueblood*." Mrs. Curran's home is in St. Louis.

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WYNNE, ANNETTE. Born at Brooklyn, N. Y., educated at New York University, and Columbia University. Teacher of English Literature, High School, New York City. Author of *For Days and Days, A Book of Child Verse* (autumn, 1918). Home, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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YOUNG, WILLIAM. Born at Monmouth, Ill., in 1847, educated at Monmouth College, and abroad. Dramatist. Author of *Wishmaker's Town* (1885; republished, with a preface by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, 1898); *Jonquil* (produced 1871); *The Rogue's March* (produced 1872); *Pendragon*, poetic drama (produced 1881); *The House of Maupret*, with John G. Wilson (produced 1882); *The Rajah* (produced 1883); *Ganelon*, poetic drama (produced 1888); *Joan of Arc*, an adaptation in verse (produced 1890); *If I Were You* (produced 1892); *Young America* (produced 1894); *The Princess of Bagdad*, an adaptation (produced 1896); *Woman's Wiles* (produced 1898); *Ben Hur*, a dramatization (produced 1899); *Ah, What Riddles These Women Be!* narrative poem (1900); *The Sprightly Romance of Marsac*, a dramatization (produced 1900); *A Japanese Nightingale*, a dramatization (produced 1903); *The Sea-Green Man* (produced 1907). Homes, Summer, Burkehaven, N. H., address, Author's Club, New York City.

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